



Forbidden Worlds #52

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Cover art: Ogden Whitney (Pencils, Inks)

- 1. A Mirror For Magic! - John Rosenberger (Pencils, Inks)**
- 2. Medicine Stick - 1 page text story**
- 3. The Girl In the Grotto! - ? (Pencils, Inks)**
- 4. What's Behind That Superstition? No 4. Black Cats
Ogden Whitney (Pencils, Inks)**
- 5. Checkmate! - Harry Lazarus (Pencils, Inks)**

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STORIES of STRANGE ADVENTURE

NO 52 - MARCH

APPROVED
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AUTHORITY

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

10¢

NO---NO!
IT'S---COMING
AT ME!

AN ANCIENT GLASS
WHICH COULD
MAKE A DRAWING
COME TO LIFE!
FOR AN AMAZING
STORY, READ

**"A MIRROR for
MAGIC!"**



Boys! Girls! Men! Women!

*We'll Send You
These 2 Boxes of
Sensational
New First-Time
Ideas in
GREETING
CARDS*

*and Show You How
to Make*

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EVEN
MORE

*Easily and Quickly
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See for yourself! Don't send a penny. Mail coupon for the 2 assortments shown here, sent you on approval, all postage paid. We'll include FREE Illustrated Catalog and details of our amazingly simple Money-Making Plan. Mail the coupon TODAY!

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SEND NO MONEY

Paste Coupon on postcard
or mail in envelope

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I want to make extra money. Please send me on approval the 2 Greeting Card Assortments shown above, plus FREE Illustrated Catalog and Money-Making Plan.

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A MIRROR for MAGIC!

WITH THIS MIRROR
I HAVE SOLVED THE
GREATEST PROBLEM
OF THE AGES!

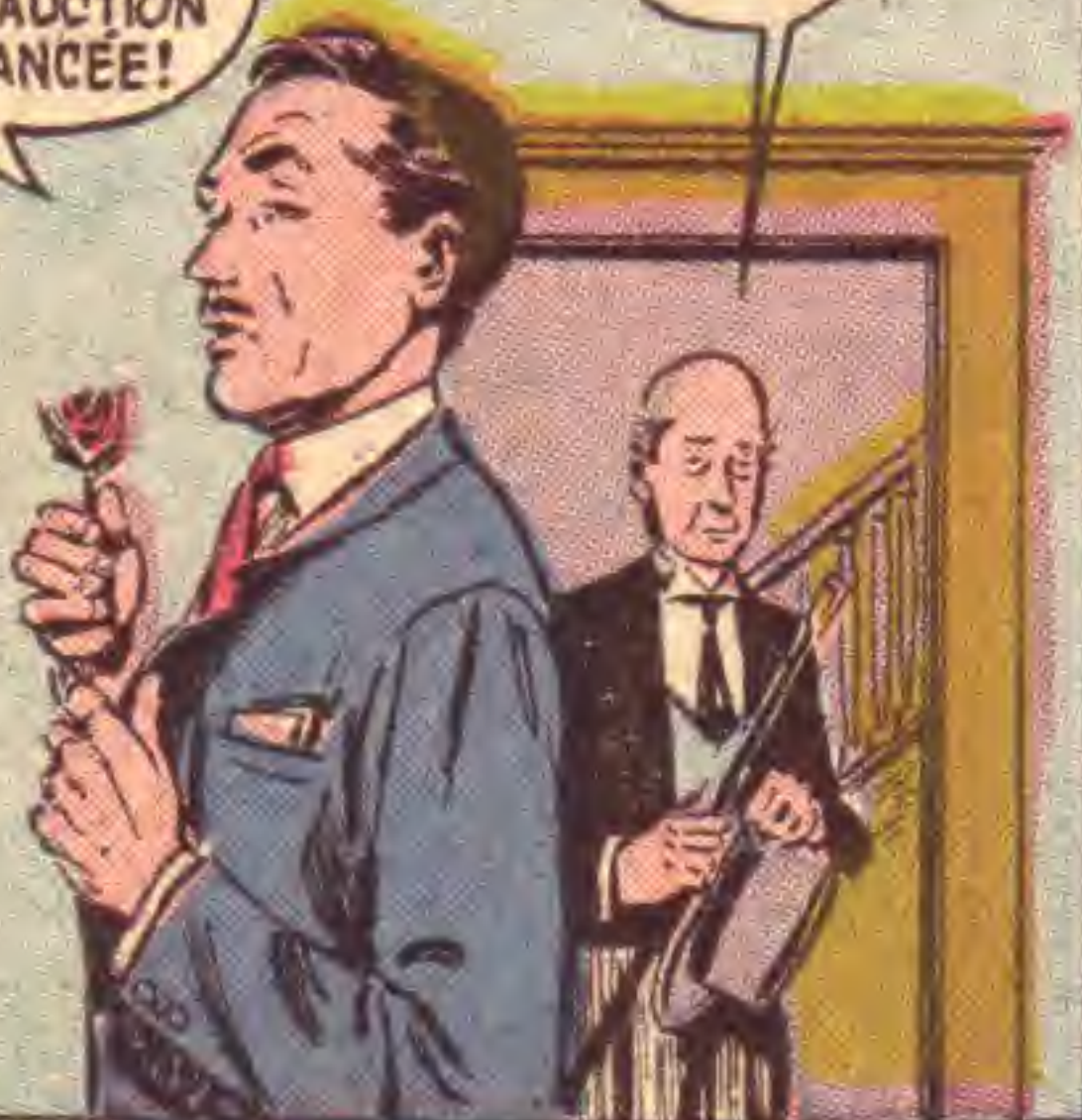


WAS THERE ANY TRUTH TO THE OLD
LEGEND? STUDENTS OF ALCHEMY KNEW
THE TALE, HOW A FAMOUS FLORENTINE
SORCERER, IN THE 14TH CENTURY, HAD
CONSTRUCTED A MIRROR OF MAGICAL
PROPERTIES! BUT WHAT WERE
THOSE PROPERTIES, AND WAS IT TRUE
THAT THOSE WHO OWNED THE MIRROR
ALWAYS MET A GRIM FATE?

IN A HUGE OLD MANSION ON UPPER FIFTH AVENUE...

I WON'T BE HOME TO
LUNCH, PERKINS! I'LL
BE ATTENDING A
FURNITURE AUCTION
WITH MY FIANCÉE!

VERY
GOOD,
SIR!



SCION OF A WEALTHY FAMILY, BARTON WARREN HAD
NEVER WORKED A DAY IN HIS LIFE...

HONESTLY, BART, IT'S
CRIMINAL THE WAY
YOU SPEND MONEY!

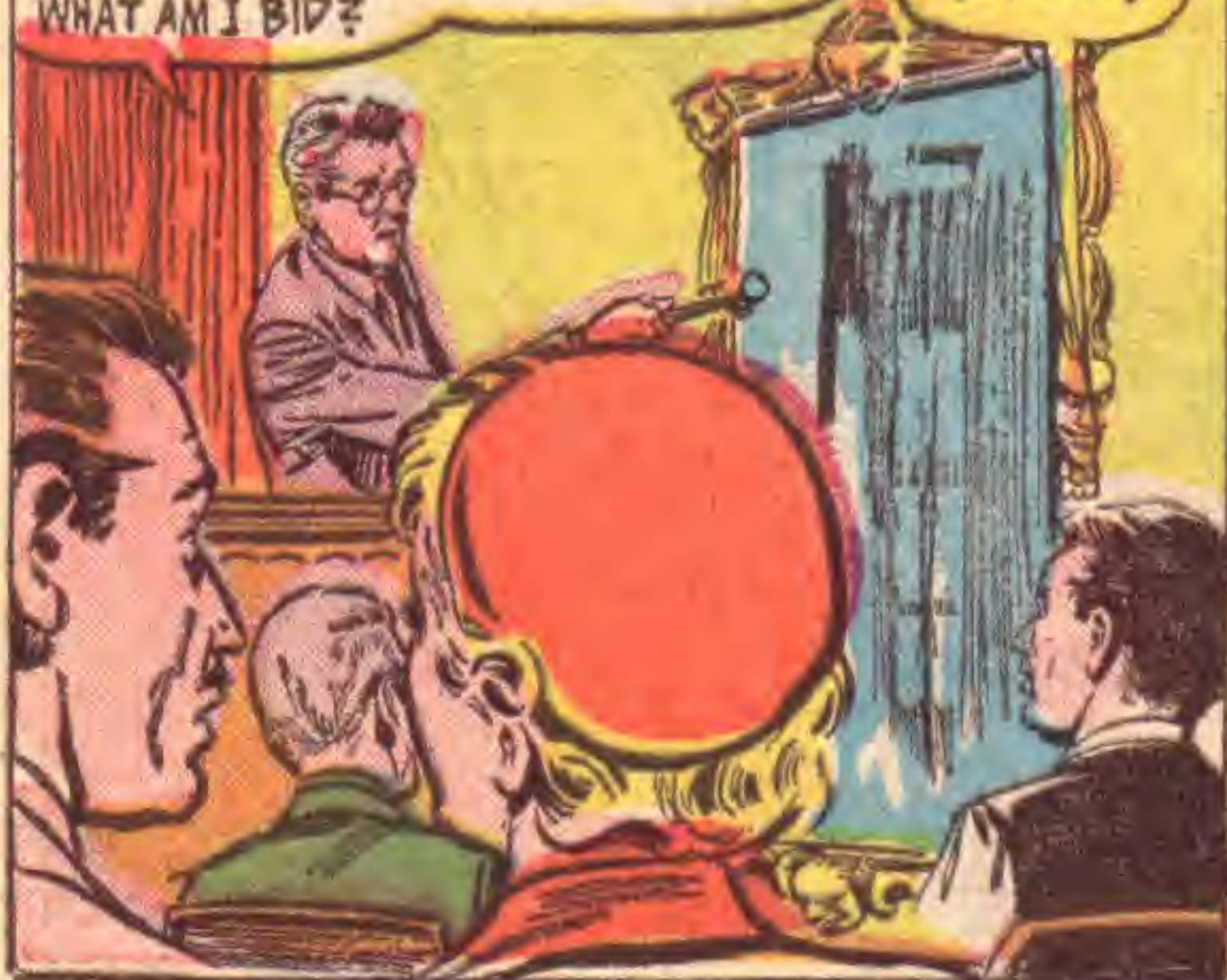
NOW, NOW, MY
DEAR... LET ME
INDULGE MY LITTLE
HOBBIES!



A SPENDTHRIFT, HE'D SQUANDERED HIS IMMENSE INHERITED FORTUNE SO RECKLESSLY THAT IT WAS NEARLY GONE---

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE COME TO THIS SUPERB FLORENTINE MIRROR! WHAT AM I BID?

\$1,000!

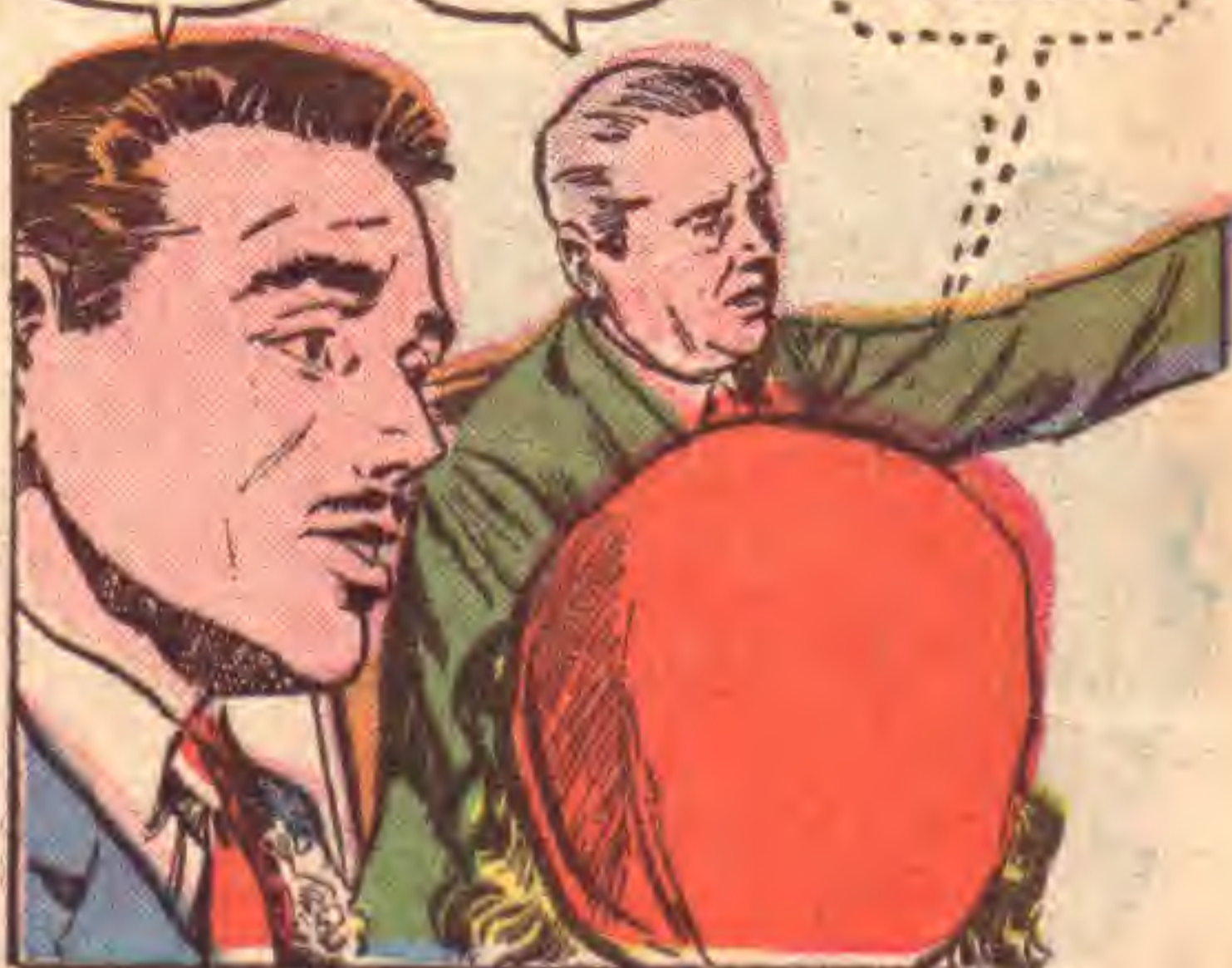


THOUGH AT HIS WITS' END WITH MONEY PROBLEMS, BARTON WARREN COULD NOT RESIST THE HANDSOME PIECE! THE BIDDING MOUNTED SWIFTLY---

\$2200!

\$2500!

STOP, BART
...PLEASE!



HE KNEW HE COULDN'T AFFORD IT, BUT HE'D NEVER LEARNED TO DENY HIMSELF ANYTHING! MINUTES LATER...

MR. WARREN HAS BID \$3300! GOING ONCE, TWICE, ...SOLD TO MR. BARTON WARREN!

THIS IS THE
LAST
STRAW!



HOW **COULD** YOU? I WAS HOPING THAT WITH YOUR DRAWING TALENT, YOU'D GET A **JOB**! BUT I SEE NOW THAT YOU'LL NEVER CHANGE! **GOODBYE!**

AUCTION

I SEE!
DESERTING
A SINKING
SHIP, EH?



YOU'RE **WRONG**! IF YOU'D SETTLE DOWN, I'D BE GLAD TO TRY TO MAKE A GO OF IT! BUT YOU'RE TOO SPOILED AND SELFISH TO WORK!

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY!
ACTUALLY, YOU'RE WALKING
OUT BECAUSE MY MONEY
IS RUNNING LOW!



AT HOME, HE SUNK INTO GLOOMY THOUGHTS! HIS BANK ACCOUNT WAS ALMOST GONE---

A MIRROR HAS ARRIVED, SIR! WHERE SHALL I HAVE IT PUT?



BRING IT IN
HERE... THEN
LEAVE ME
ALONE!

IT'S BEAUTIFUL ENOUGH, BUT I WAS AN **IDIOT** TO SPEND SO MUCH ON IT! HOW AM I GOING TO PAY THIS MONTH'S BILLS?



AS ALWAYS WHEN HE WAS NERVOUS, BART BEGAN TO DOODLE IN HIS DRAWING PAD...

MONEY, THAT'S WHAT I NEED... **MONEY!** A \$10,000 BILL LIKE **THIS** WOULD SURE COME IN HANDY!



SUDDENLY...

WHAT THE...!



HE CRINKLED THE BILL IN HIS HANDS, HELD IT UP TO THE LIGHT...

IT...IT'S **GENUINE**, ALL RIGHT... BUT WHERE DID IT **COME** FROM? M-MAYBE I'M EXPERIENCING SOME **MAD HALLUCINATION!**



IN A FRENZY OF EXCITEMENT, HE DREW A DIAMOND NECKLACE! HE WORKED AT FEVERISH SPEED, UNAWARE THAT THE FLORENTINE MIRROR WAS REFLECTING HIS EVERY MOVE...

GREAT GUNS... IT HAPPENED AGAIN!



WITH THE DIAMONDS GLITTERING HARD IN HIS HANDS, THE INCREDIBLE REALIZATION CAME TO HIM...

THE...THE **MIRROR!** IT'S BEEN DUPLICATING EVERYTHING I'VE DONE! BUT IS THAT **POSSIBLE?** I...I'LL TEST IT AGAIN!



THOUGH HIS HANDS WERE TREMBLING, BART MANAGED TO MAKE A FINE SKETCH OF A DOG! ABSORBED, THE SOUND OF SUDDEN BARKING NEARLY STARTLED HIM OUT OF HIS WITS...

A DOG...A **LIVING DOG!** GOOD GRIEF, THAT MIRROR WILL REPRODUCE EXACTLY ANYTHING DRAWN THAT IT REFLECTS!

ARF! ARF!



BEFORE THE AFTERNOON WAS OVER, BART HAD MADE HIMSELF SEVERAL HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS! HE COULD BARELY CONTAIN HIS JOY...

YOU'RE IN EXCELLENT SPIRITS TONIGHT, SIR!

I HAVE **REASON** TO BE! FROM NOW ON, PERKINS, I DON'T WANT ANY-BODY ENTERING MY STUDY!



NEXT, HE CALLED UPON HIS EX-FIANCÉE, WITH GIFTS AND A FANCIFUL STORY...

SOME OF MY PRIVATE INVESTMENTS HAVE BORNE FRUIT! I'M GOING TO BUCKLE DOWN, HONEY--- BUT YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE!

I--- I CAN'T TAKE THIS, BART--- IT'S SO EXPENSIVE!



IT'S JUST A TRIFLE! NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR MY GIRL!

ALL RIGHT, BART--- BUT REMEMBER, YOU'VE PROMISED TO SETTLE DOWN!



NEXT DAY, IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS STUDY...

THAT'S THE BEST WAY TO HANG THE MIRROR--- TILTED TO REFLECT EVERYTHING I DO AT THE DESK! IT'S SURE BEEN A GOOD MORNING'S WORK--- **HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!**



THE FOLLOWING MONTHS WERE ONE LONG SPENDING SPREE, TO THE GROWING IRRITATION OF HIS FIANCÉE ---

I'LL TAKE IT!

ISN'T THIS EVER GOING TO STOP?



ABOARD HIS \$300,000 YACHT---

JUST WHERE IS ALL THIS MONEY COMING FROM, BART?

THAT'S MY LITTLE SECRET! AND LET'S NOT HARP ON MY GOING TO WORK, BECAUSE MY ---ER--- INVESTMENTS ARE A FULL-TIME JOB!



CURIOUS AS TO THE EXACT ORIGIN OF THE MIRROR, HE DECIDED TO DO A LITTLE RESEARCH---

NOT A THING IN THESE BOOKS! BUT AT LEAST I'VE LEARNED WHO THE WORLD'S FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON THE SUBJECT IS --- I'LL SEE HIM PERSONALLY!



IN THE OFFICE OF PROFESSOR MILO DUBOIS, FAMED SPECIALIST ON WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY---

WHY, YES, I HAVE HEARD OF A CERTAIN MAGICAL MIRROR! IT'S ALL LEGEND, OF COURSE, BUT THE STORY GOES THAT A FAMOUS FLORENTINE ALCHEMIST HIT UPON THE SOLUTION OF THE GREAT PROBLEM OF REFLECTIVE DUPLICATION!



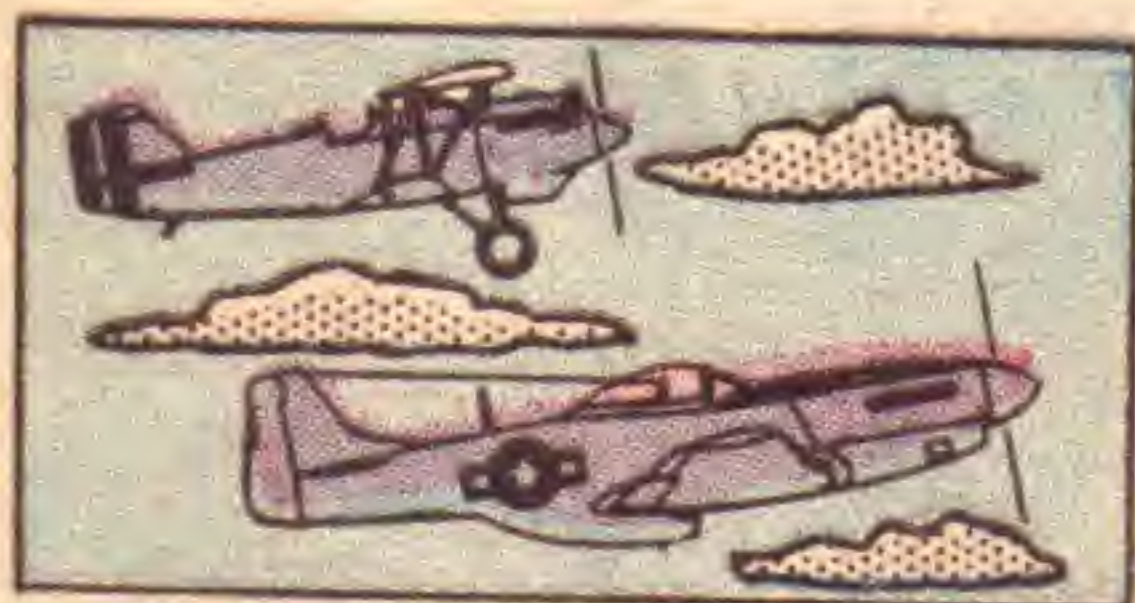
(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

OFFICIAL
—Jet—
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WOW!
WHAT \$
A ONLY
BARGAIN!



For plane spotting!



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**Brings Planes, Games—Everything
Right Up Close To You—3 Times Bigger!**

Hey kids! SEE without being *seen*! Amazing new Twin-O-Scope gives you hours and hours of fun and enjoyment. See the things you want . . . see them crystal clear, 3 times bigger—better than ever before. The secret is in the permanently focused lens, tamperproof, always parallel. Precision construction throughout, special fitting nose guide. Really sturdy—built to last and last. Comes in assorted colors!

SEND NOW FOR FREE HOME TRIAL!

You'd expect to pay much more for such a high quality instrument but now you can examine it in your own home without risk. Send only \$1 now, for postpaid delivery. When TWIN-O-SCOPE arrives put it through every test—use it for hunting, fishing, the races, birdwatching. Show it to the gang . . . even use it at night (you'll still get magnification). If you are not absolutely delighted return it for full refund. Only 3 to a customer at this special \$1 price. So hurry! Mail the coupon *now*!

FREE IF YOU ACT NOW—For prompt action we'll include absolutely free expandable strap head band. Send today!

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TWIN-O-SCOPE COMPANY, BOX AC-1
31 WEST 47TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.



THE WAY IT WORKED WAS THAT THE MIRROR COULD **REPRODUCE ANYTHING DRAWN BY ITS OWNER AND REFLECTED IN IT!** BUT THE LEGEND GOES ON TO SAY THAT **DISASTER** STRUCK DOWN ALL THE PEOPLE WHO EVER OWNED IT!

WHAT KIND OF DISASTER?



WHO KNOWS? IT'S PROBABLY ALL JUST AN INTERESTING YARN! ANYHOW, THE MIRROR WAS LOST TRACK OF BACK IN THE 17TH CENTURY! NO DOUBT IT'S LONG SINCE DESTROYED!

NO DOUBT! THANKS FOR YOUR HELP!



HE WAS VERY THOUGHTFUL WHEN HE MET MILDRED FOR LUNCH THAT DAY---

THERE'S NO SENSE GOING ON THIS WAY, BART! I'M SORRY, BUT I DON'T WANT A **PLAYBOY** FOR A HUSBAND! LET'S NOT SEE EACH OTHER ANY MORE!

STILL THE SAME OLD TUNE? WHAT'S WRONG **THIS TIME?**



IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND BY NOW, YOU **NEVER** WILL! I'LL RETURN ALL YOUR GIFTS ---THIS IS REALLY THE **END!**

THAT'S WHAT **YOU** THINK! I'VE BEEN TOO **EASY** WITH YOU, AND IT'S ABOUT TIME I GOT **TOUGH!**



TOUGH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? YOU CAN'T **FORCE** ME TO MARRY YOU, YOU KNOW!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT **THAT!**



LATE THAT NIGHT, THE RUTHLESS BART DREW A NEW PICTURE! IT WAS OF MILDRED---AGED, DISTORTED! YOU SEE, HE HAD A THEORY---

THE MIRROR'S REFLECTING EVERY LINE I DRAW! WE'LL SEE HOW SHE LIKES WAKING UP LIKE AN **OLD HAG** IN THE MORNING!



MILDRED WAS AWARE OF NO CHANGE NEXT DAY, UNTIL SHE GLANCED AT HERSELF WHILE BRUSHING HER TEETH---

WH-WHAT'S **HAPPENED** TO ME?

HIDING BEHIND A HEAVY VEIL, SHE FLED IN PANIC TO HER DOCTOR...

IT... IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO FOR YOU, MILDRED... I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH AN OCCURRENCE BEFORE!

WHAT'LL I DO? WHAT'LL I DO?

WHEN SHE RETURNED TO HER APARTMENT, BART WAS WAITING, HAVING BEEN ADMITTED BY THE MAID...

BART! GO AWAY... PLEASE! I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYBODY!

NASTY SURPRISE, WASN'T IT? I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU... I TOLD YOU I'D START GETTING TOUGH!

YOU? YOU DID THIS? YOU MUST BE MAD!

THINK SO? I CAN RESTORE YOUR BEAUTY... BUT ONLY AFTER YOU'VE MARRIED ME! IS THAT PROOF ENOUGH I'M RESPONSIBLE?

AFTER ALL, I'D NEVER MARRY YOU LOOKING LIKE THAT IF I WEREN'T SURE OF MY POWERS, WOULD I? SHALL WE HAVE THE CEREMONY TOMORROW?

I MUST BE INSANE TO BELIEVE YOU, BUT... BUT YOU LEAVE ME NO ALTERNATIVE...

IT WAS A SELF-SATISFIED MAN WHO CONTEMPLATED THE FUTURE THAT NIGHT...

YEAH, MAN... I'VE GOT IT MADE! SERVANTS BOWING AND SCRAPING ALL OVER THE PLACE, MONEY AND JEWELS IN THE WALL SAFE... AND TOMORROW MILDRED WILL BE MINE! I OWE IT ALL TO YOU, MIRROR, OLD PAL!

AT THAT INSTANT, UNDER THE MIRROR'S HEAVY WEIGHT, ONE OF ITS CORDS SNAPPED...

OH, NO... NO!

SHATTERED... SMASHED INTO A THOUSAND PIECES!

RING! RING!

THE CAPTAIN'S VOICE WAS TENSE WITH EXCITEMENT...

WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S THE YACHT! IT'S SPRUNG A MYSTERIOUS LEAK!

THE VESSEL IS SINKING FAST! NO CHANCE TO SAVE IT!

I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!

HE WAS RUSHING OUT FRANTICALLY WHEN---

MR. WARREN! IT'S THE BUTLER OF YOUR COUNTRY HOME! HE SAYS THE PLACE IS BEING **SWEPT BY FLAMES!**

WHA-A-AT?

THERE PROVED TO BE NO CHANCE OF SAVING THE YACHT, OR THE HOUSE---

SURE A **PECULIAR BLAZE!** IT'LL BE A TOTAL LOSS!

GREAT GUNS!

EVERYTHING I ACQUIRED THROUGH THE MIRROR IS BEING DESTROYED!

BUT ALL WAS NOT LOST, HE THOUGHT! THERE WAS STILL THE FORTUNE IN HIS **SAFE!** BUT WHEN HE OPENED IT FOR REASSURANCE---

GONE! AS IF IT NEVER EXISTED! BUT I'M NOT FINISHED YET---I'LL HAVE THE MIRROR PUT TOGETHER PIECE BY PIECE! IT'LL BE JUST AS GOOD AS BEFORE!

A RESTLESS NIGHT PASSED! AT BREAKFAST NEXT DAY, A TRIUMPHANT MILDRED BURST IN ON HIM---

SEE? MY BEAUTY IS RESTORED! IT MUST HAVE HAPPENED DURING THE NIGHT! SOME TEMPORARY CONDITION, NO DOUBT---I MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY TO HAVE BELIEVED YOU HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT!

NOW I'M FREE OF YOU!

NO SOONER HAD SHE LEFT THAN TWO MEN FROM THE **INCOME TAX BUREAU** ARRIVED---

YOU'VE BEEN LIVING VERY HIGH THIS LAST YEAR, MR. WARREN---AND PAYING NO TAXES! WE'RE TAKING YOU IN FOR **EVADING THE LAW!**

THERE'S BEEN SOME MISTAKE!

SINCE THE ACCUSED IS UNABLE TO PAY HIS BACK TAXES, HE WILL BE SENTENCED TO PRISON! I ORDER HIS POSSESSIONS SOLD AT AUCTION TO REIMBURSE THE GOVERNMENT!

NO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

AND WHILE BART WARREN SERVED HIS PRISON TERM, HIS POSSESSIONS WERE SOLD! THE MIRROR, RECONSTRUCTED, WAS BOUGHT BY A MUSEUM AND DISPLAYED IN A ROOM OF 14TH CENTURY FURNITURE! FOR THE TIME BEING, IT COULD WREAK NO HAVOC--- BUT WHO CAN TELL WHEN ITS MENACE WILL **STRIKE AGAIN?**

THE END!

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only 2 x 1/4"



Easily concealed under a flower in your lapel. While they're kissing, you're photographing. Wow! Won't they be surprised. So many other ways to conceal also.



Your girl friend and other bathing beauties will all relax in their natural pose and make a swell pin-up collection. Through a paper is just one of the many ways to go about it.

LOOK! FREE!

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ONLY
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A precision built camera that is so amazingly small it is less than 1/2 the size of a regular pack of cigarettes and can be taken everywhere you go. It weighs only 2 1/2 ounces and is solid all metal construction with chrome trim. It's got a professional eye level view finder and a single action 1/25th second and time exposure shutter with a precision ground lens that assures you a clear, sharp instantaneous picture. It takes ten pictures per roll on low cost film (standard 16 MM). Makes for beautiful enlargements. So compact and precision made, it can be hidden anywhere and takes true-to-life "spy" pictures that should really provide you with loads of fun and interest. Only \$1.98 complete with a free roll of film. Don't delay! Order now.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

We know you'll have so much fun and excitement with your Secret Camera that we offer it to you at 10 Days Free Trial. Use it and if you're not 100% delighted with its performance, return to us and your money will be refunded in full.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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- ☐ I enclose payment. Same Money Back Guarantee.
- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

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DEVELOPS DEADLY TARGET SKILL

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

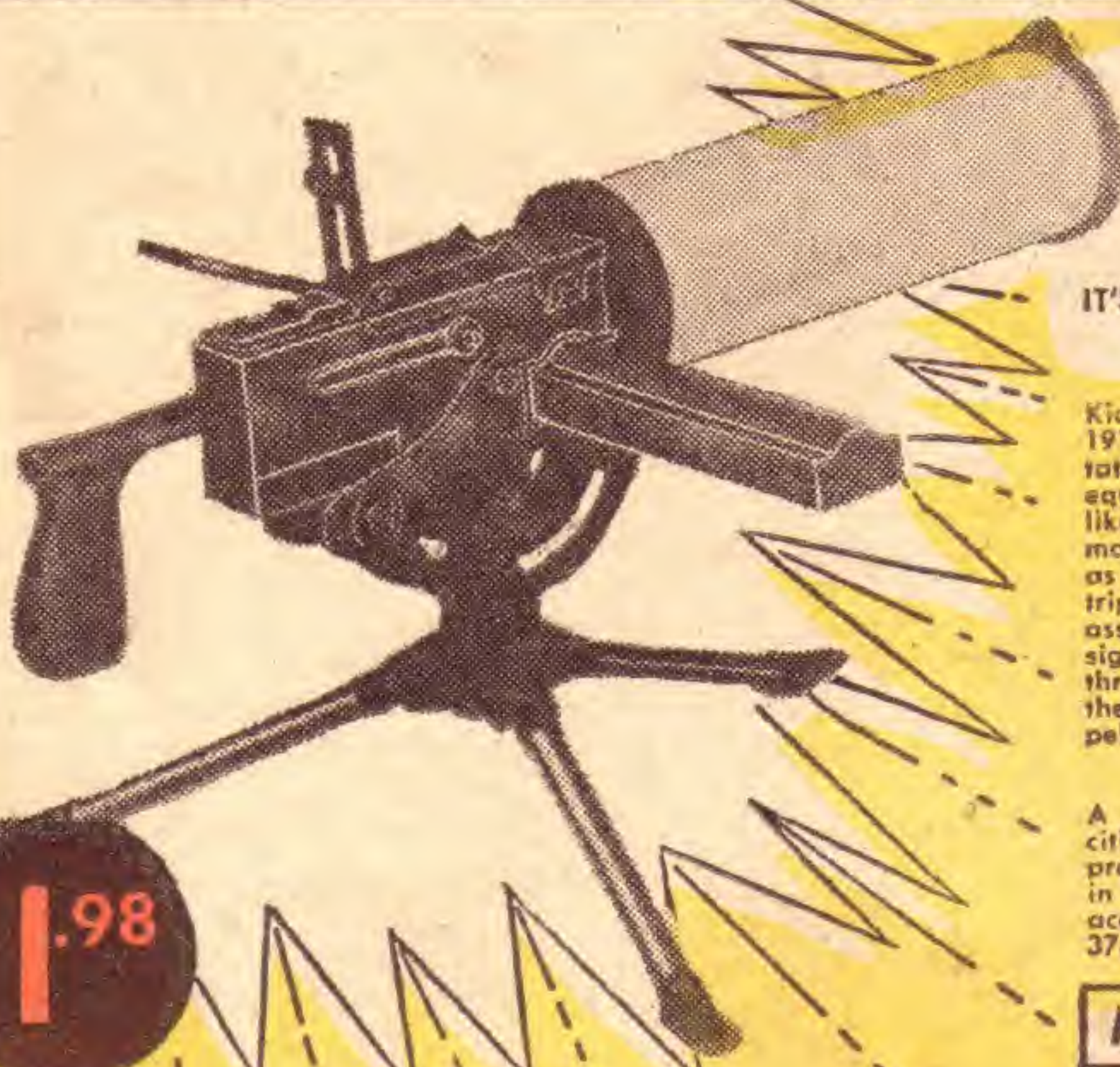
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Rush my automatic repeating Tripod Machine Gun and target at once. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return it after 10 day Free Trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

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MEDICINE STICK

Tim Platt, racially speaking, was a full-blooded Indian, but he was quite different from what the name might convey to many. He wasn't at all like the redman of Western movies. He was an educated, modern young American and a complete easterner. It seemed strange to him that he should have an old grandfather living on a reservation in Arizona, and he often wondered what sort of life this could be.

Finally, having a vacation at his disposal, he determined to spend it on a western trip, during the course of which he would visit with his elderly relative.

He found grandfather Joe Platt a truly ancient man, whose face was seamed and wrinkled with his many years. The old man was more than glad to see his grandson, and welcomed him warmly. However, he cast a disapproving look at the younger man's modern clothing and shiny new car. He felt—and expressed his feeling—that Tim had forgotten his fine and distinguished ancestry, and he tried to recall it to him in countless tales of Indian folklore and heroism.

Particularly he told stories of Tavaleda, an ancient ancestor who'd been a famous medicine man among the tribes. Tavaleda had possessed magical powers, according to old Joe, and this bit of information elicited a patronizing laugh from his grandson. From what, Tim wanted to know, did this magic spring?

"*Medicine stick!*" grunted Joe.

At this point, the conversation took another turn, and Tim might have forgotten all about the "medicine stick"—except for what transpired when he took his leave of his grandfather, intending to continue a camping trip. The old man, it developed, had a present to give him. It turned out to be an ancient stick of wood, carved like a totem but rubbed almost smooth by countless generations of handling.

"This is what I told you about," said the old man. "Tavaleda's medicine stick, which has been handed down in our family for centuries. You may laugh, but I tell you that it's *really* magic—it will protect you when your life's in danger!"

Whatever his feelings, Tim masked them and accepted the gift with thanks. He threw it into a bag in his car and then proceeded on his trip—he had a lot of the

great open west to see! And the following day, he was in the wildest part of it, an empty part of the state where roads had given way to rutted trails that barely permitted his automobile's passage. As he camped for the night, his thoughts turned back to his grandfather, along with his stories of their common ancestor, the medicine man Tavaleda. He grinned at the memory of the reputed magical powers which stemmed from the "medicine stick", which would protect him against danger. They beat all, those superstitious beliefs! Curiously, he took out the old stick and inspected it. What nonsense, attributing strange powers to a meaningless piece of wood like this! Contemptuously, he tossed it into the fire, anxious to lose no time in crawling into the blankets he had spread on the ground near a clump of thick underbrush.

Just a bare second before he could stretch himself out for the night, he heard a loud crack from the fire—loud as a pistol shot! Turning, he saw that the medicine stick, one end of it aflame, had rolled clear of the fire. This would never do—it might start a brush fire where it lay. Walking over to it, he grasped it by the unlit end, meaning to throw it back into the fire. He hadn't counted on its being burning hot. He yelled in pain as it seared his skin and threw it from him blindly—anything to get rid of it! "Some good luck token!" he thought, as the flaming brand sailed through the air and landed squarely on his blankets. But what was *this*? There was a sudden squirming there, a thrashing movement. And now the fiery medicine stick disclosed something that the night had hidden—a huge, deadly rattlesnake, which had sought the warmth of Tim's blankets. He would have retired to sudden death had it not been for this accidental discovery of the waiting menace.

Accidental? Even as Tim shot off the squirming reptile's head, the voice of old Joe Platt seemed to come to him, telling of the magical powers which resided within the medicine stick—how it would protect him when his life was in danger. Carefully, Tim extinguished the flames which had blackened the end of the old stick. Maybe there were things in this life that he *didn't* know about.

At any rate, to this day, there's a decoration occupying a cherished spot above Tim's fireplace. For as long as he lives, it will always be there. You've guessed it—the *medicine stick!*

The GIRL in the GROTTO!

HOLY MOSES! THIS LIGHT MUST BE PLAYING TRICKS WITH MY EYES! A GIRL WITH **GREEN SKIN**---FAST ASLEEP IN AN UNDERWATER GROTTO! AND I CAN'T WAKE HER UP!



THE BOY HAD BEEN SKIN DIVING IN THE SHALLOW COVES OFF BERMUDA WHEN HE SPOTTED THE UNDERWATER CAVE! ENTERING, HE SURFACED INSIDE A VAST CAVERN---WHERE THE AMAZING SIGHT GREETED HIS EYES! IT WAS ONLY NATURAL FOR HIM TO FLEE IN PANIC AND SPREAD THE NEWS, BUT HOW COULD HE KNOW WHAT AWESOME FORCES HE WAS UNLEASHING?

BY THE FOLLOWING MORNING SCORES OF REPORTERS AND SCIENTISTS HAD HURRIED TO THE SCENE, WITH THE FAMED ANTHROPOLOGIST, PROFESSOR HARLEY MELLON, TAKING CHARGE---

YOU SURE THIS ISN'T ALL A HOAX, SON?

I TELL YOU I **SAW** HER! IN A FEW MINUTES YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF!



A HUSH FELL OVER THE ENTIRE GROUP WHEN THEY ENTERED THE INCREDIBLE CHAMBER---

THIS IS **UNBELIEVABLE!** WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, PROFESSOR?

DON'T KNOW! THE GIRL'S SKIN IS **WARM**---BUT SHE'S IN THE GRIP OF SOME WEIRD COMA! WE'VE GOT TO GET HER OUT OF HERE!



THE GIRL WAS TAKEN FROM THE CAVE IN A DIVING SUIT AND REMOVED TO THE PROFESSOR'S LABORATORY ON THE MAINLAND! VARIOUS DRUGS WERE USED IN THE HOPE OF REVIVING HER, UNTIL AT LAST---

SHE'S COMING AROUND!

HER EYES... THEY'RE OPENING!



SHE LOOKED ABOUT IN MOMENTARY FRIGHT! THEN---

WH-WHERE AM I? WHO ARE YOU? WHAT IS THIS STRANGE PLACE?

GREAT GUNS! SHE'S SPEAKING ENGLISH!



YOU ARE SURPRISED THAT I SPEAK YOUR TONGUE? I MERELY READ YOUR THOUGHTS---AS ALL MY PEOPLE CAN DO! CAN YOU NOT DO LIKEWISE?

THIS IS--- STAGGERING!



THE NEWS CAUSED A WORLD-WIDE SENSATION! SCIENTISTS FLOCKED TO PROF. MELLON'S HOME---

WHO IS SHE?

WHY CAN'T WE SEE HER?

GENTLEMEN, PLEASE! I'M DOING EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY---BUT I MUST INSIST ON PRIVACY!



THE GIRL, WHO CALLED HERSELF GENLY, OFFERED LITTLE HELP---

I---I'M SORRY! I REMEMBER NOTHING OF MY PAST, NOR HOW I GOT IN THE CAVE! MY MIND IS A BLANK!

TRY TO REMEMBER, MY DEAR---THIS IS TERRIBLY IMPORTANT TO SCIENCE!



MELLON AND HIS YOUNG ASSISTANT, JIM EDWARDS, STUDIED THEIR SUBJECT CLOSELY---

HER BONE STRUCTURE INDICATES THAT SHE MUST COME FROM AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL SPECIES MILLIONS OF YEARS OLD!

WE'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY OF UNLOCKING HER MEMORY!



EDWARDS, JEALOUS OF THE PROFESSOR'S FAME, REASONED THAT IF HE COULD GET GENLY TO TALK, HIS REPUTATION WOULD BE MADE---

YOU'RE SURE A KNOCK-OUT IN THAT OUTFIT, GENLY! HOW COME YOU SIT AROUND READING THE NEWSPAPERS ALL DAY?

I FIND IT INTERESTING! SINCE I DO NOT REMEMBER THE PAST, I MUST LEARN ABOUT THE PRESENT!



IN HOPES OF LEARNING SOMETHING ABOUT THE GREEN GIRL'S PAST, MELLON HAD REMOVED MANY STRANGE SIGNS, SYMBOLS AND TABLETS FROM THE CAVE TO HIS HOME...

NOW, MY DEAR, SUPPOSE YOU **TRANSLATE** THESE TABLETS FOR ME! SURELY YOU CAN READ YOUR OWN LANGUAGE!

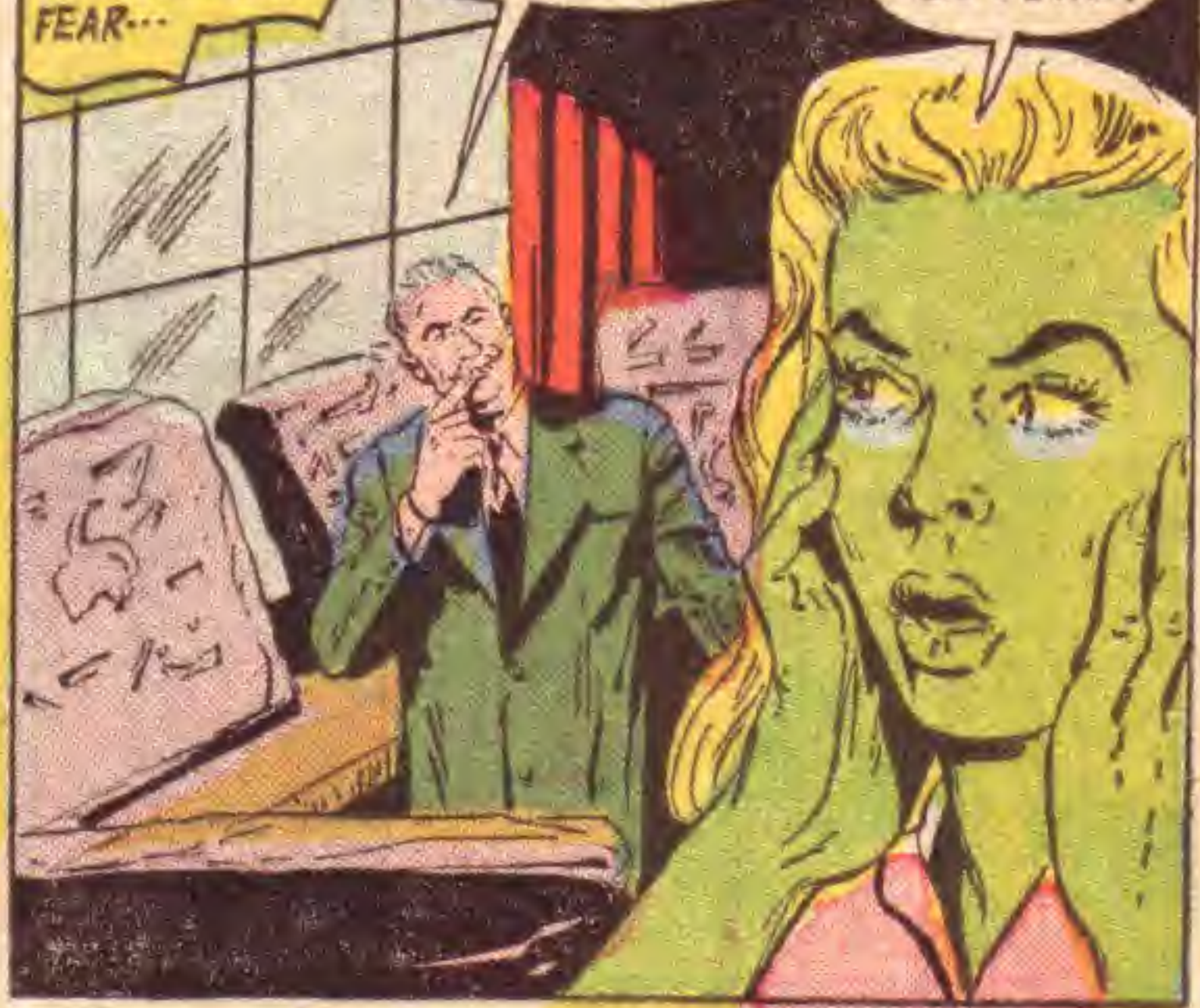
N-NO! I... I HAVE FORGOTTEN... IT HAS BEEN SO LONG!



HE COULDN'T HELP NOTICING HOW HER HANDS TREMBLED WITH FEAR...

WHAT'S THE MATTER? IS SOMETHING HERE FRIGHTENING YOU?

PLEASE, I'M VERY TIRED! I WISH TO LIE DOWN!



NEXT MORNING THE PROFESSOR WAS HORRIFIED TO DISCOVER THAT HIS LAB HAD BEEN ENTERED DURING THE NIGHT...

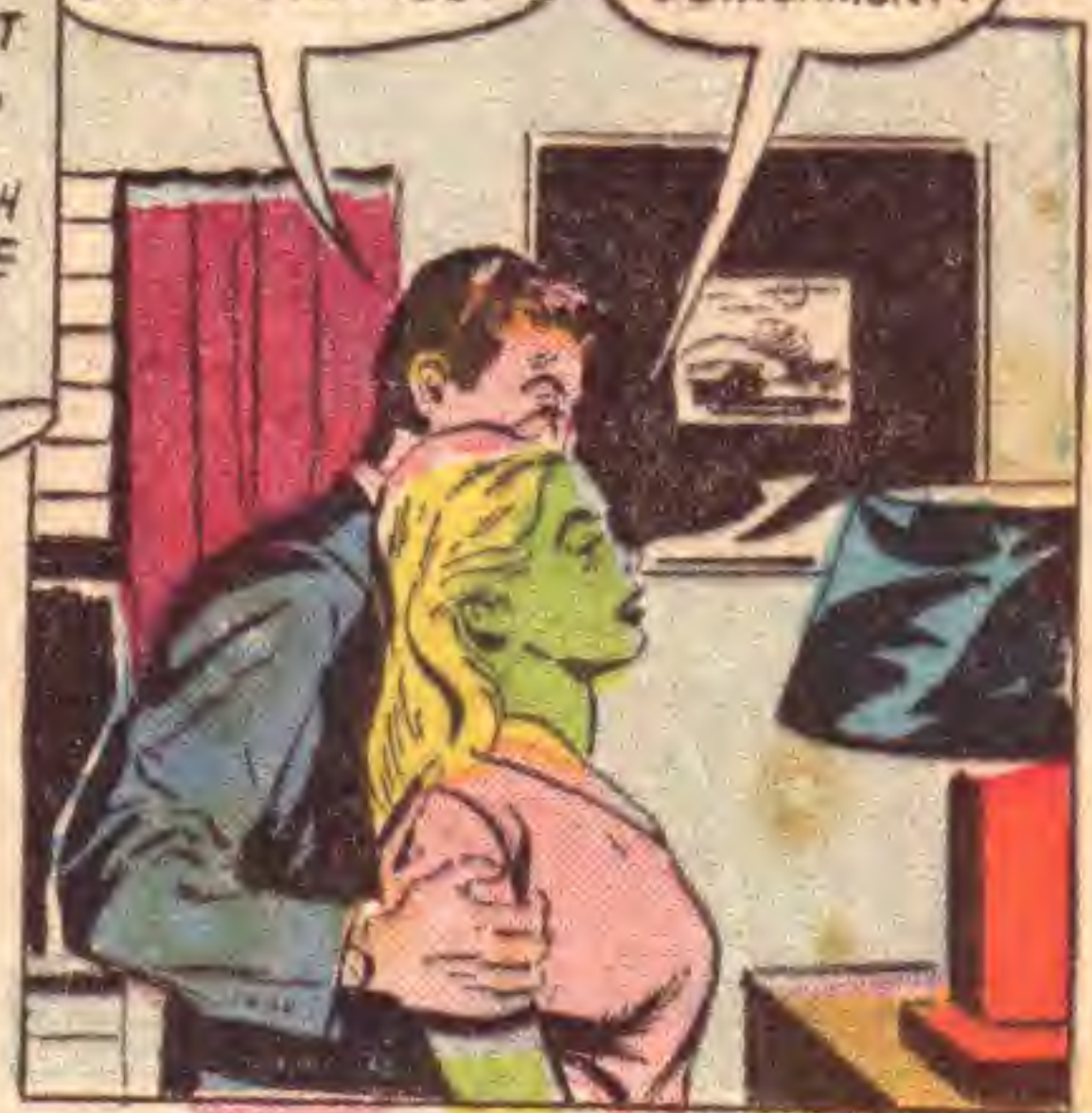
EVERY ONE OF THE TABLETS-- **SMASHED TO BITS!** WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT... IF NOT HER? BUT **WHY?** GOOD THING I HAD **PHOTOGRAPHS** TAKEN OF ALL THE STUFF! BUT I WON'T TELL ANYONE... NO WAY OF KNOWING WHO MAY BE AN ENEMY!



WHILE MELLON WORKED DILIGENTLY TO DECIPHER THE ANCIENT LANGUAGE, EDWARDS SPENT MUCH TIME ALONE WITH THE GIRL...

YOU'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CREATURE I'VE EVER SEEN, GENLY! I'M REALLY CRAZY OVER YOU!

COME NOW, YOU'RE NOT OBSERVING SCIENTIFIC DETACHMENT!



GUESS I'M JUST NOT A SCIENTIST AT HEART! I WAS A BOMBER PILOT DURING THE WAR, YOU KNOW!

A PILOT! HOW VERY INTERESTING! ARE YOU AMBITIOUS... ENOUGH TO WANT TO **GAIN WORLD POWER**... WITH ME?



GAIN WORLD POWER? HA-HA! GUESS IT'D BE NICE! YOU'VE SURE GOT A SENSE OF HUMOR!

I'M... NOT JOKING! YOU IDIOT, I SHALL HAVE TO **DEMONSTRATE!**



SOMETHING VERY MUCH LIKE ELECTRIC VOLTAGE SEEMED TO RADIATE FROM HER EYES! IN AN INSTANT, HE WAS **HOPELESSLY HYPNOTIZED**...

YOU HAVE NO WILL POWER NOW! YOU SHALL OBEY MY EVERY COMMAND!

I... HAVE... NO... WILL... POWER! I... OBEY!



SHE SNAPPED HER FINGERS, AND THE SPELL WAS BROKEN---

WHAT THE...?
HOW'D YOU
DO IT?

I HAVE **MANY**
POWERS! TONIGHT
I WILL GIVE YOU
ANOTHER
INKLING OF
WHAT I CAN
DO!



IN THE SMALL HOURS OF MORNING,
ALONG A DARKENED STREET---

I NEED **MONEY**
FOR MY PLANS...
AND THERE'S
PLENTY IN
THERE!

HOW DO YOU
EXPECT TO
GET IT?



TAKING HIM FIRMLY BY THE HAND, GENLY WALKED
STRAIGHT THROUGH THE WALL---

**GOOD
GRIEF!**

THERE IS NOTHING
TO FEAR! **FOLLOW
ME!**



AN HOUR LATER, IN THE SAFETY OF PROF. MELLON'S HOME---

WE'RE **RICH!**
WE CAN MAKE
MILLIONS
THIS WAY!

I SEEK **POWER**, FOOL! FIRST
WE MUST GET AWAY FROM THE
SUSPICIOUS EYES OF THE
PROFESSOR! WE MUST MARRY
AND TAKE A HOUSE WHERE
WE CAN MAKE FURTHER
PLANS!



MELLON COULDN'T HELP BEING DEEPLY SUSPICIOUS
WHEN HE HEARD THE NEWS NEXT DAY---

WE'RE IN LOVE AND WE'RE GETTING
MARRIED! GENLY'S THROUGH BEING
A FREAK FOR SCIENCE! WE WANT TO
LIVE IN PEACE!

IN THAT CASE, I
CAN ONLY WISH
YOU BOTH THE
BEST OF LUCK!



WEEKS LATER---

I DON'T GET IT!
DAY AFTER DAY,
ALL YOU DO IS READ
THE PAPERS!

MERELY MAKING
PREPARATIONS FOR
MY **BIG MOVE!** AND
THE TIME TO ACT
IS **NOW!**

WEARING
A HEAVY
VEIL AND
GLOVES SO
THAT NO
ONE COULD
RECOGNIZE
HER AS THE
GREEN
GIRL, GENLY
TOOK
HIM TO
WASHINGTON,
D.C.---

WHAT ARE YOU UP
TO? ISN'T IT TIME
I KNEW?

WE ARE GOING TO ATTEND AN
IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE
ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION!
I WANT TO KNOW WHERE
AMERICA'S **H-BOMBS**
ARE KEPT!



READING NEWSPAPERS HAD GIVEN HER WIDE KNOWLEDGE OF THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION, AND NOW, BY RENDERING HERSELF AND EDWARDS INVISIBLE, SHE COULD LEARN WHAT EVEN THE NEWSPAPERS DIDN'T KNOW...

THE CURRENT DISTRIBUTION OF H-BOMBS IN THIS COUNTRY IS AS---

GOOD! THIS IS WHAT I CAME TO HEAR!



THEIR MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, THEY LEFT WASHINGTON...

MY PLAN IS TO START A NUCLEAR WAR BETWEEN THE EARTH'S NATIONS! A TERRIBLE HOLOCAUST WILL ENSUE! I'LL THEN BE ABLE TO PROMISE THE WORLD TO STOP IT... IF I'M GIVEN COMPLETE POWER!

ISN'T THAT RATHER STRONG, HONEY? WE CAN GET ALL THE MONEY WE NEED WITHOUT THAT!



I TOLD YOU ONCE I DESIRE SUPREME AUTHORITY! A NUCLEAR WAR WILL SHOW THE WORLD WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF I AM EVER DISOBEYED! WITHOUT SUCH A DEMONSTRATION, MY POWER WOULD NEVER BE SECURE! REMEMBER, YOU WILL SHARE INTERNATIONAL LEADERSHIP WITH ME!

YEAH... I GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



AS THE DEMON'S PLAN WENT FORWARD, PROFESSOR MELLON WAS WORKING NIGHT AND DAY TO DECIPHER THE TABLETS, CERTAIN THAT THEY WOULD PROVIDE THE KEY TO THE GREEN GIRL'S IDENTITY! AFTER ENDLESS TOIL...

I'VE GOT IT! THE LANGUAGE IS A DIPHTHONG, AGGLUTINATIVE STRUCTURE! NOW THAT I'VE GOT THE VOWELS, THE REST OF THE ALPHABET SHOULD COME EASY!



AND SO IT PROVED! PAINFULLY, HE BEGAN TO SPELL OUT THE WORDS THE TABLETS HAD CONTAINED, AND HIS EYES OPENED WIDE IN HORROR...

GREAT SCOTT, THIS IS TERRIBLE! IT SAYS THAT GENLY HAD BEEN BANISHED TO THE CAVE FOR USING HER POWERS AS WITCH DOCTOR TO HER TRIBE FOR EVIL! THEY GAVE HER A DRUG TO KEEP HER IN PERPETUAL SLUMBER, BECAUSE THEY DID NOT BELIEVE IN EXECUTION!



THE COMPLETE TABLETS TOLD A FANTASTIC TALE... OF A SPECIES OF SEEMING HUMANS WHO HAD FLOURISHED HALF A MILLION YEARS BEFORE, WHO HAD POSSESSED AMAZING POWERS...

SOME AWFUL CATAclysm MUST HAVE DESTROYED THEM ALL! AND UNLESS I CAN STOP GENLY, SHE'LL TRY TO DESTROY ALL OF US!



HE DROVE QUICKLY TO THE HOME IN WHICH THEY HAD BEEN LIVING IN GREAT LUXURY, WAS SURPRISED TO SEE THEM LEAVING FURTIVELY...

WHERE COULD THEY BE GOING AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT? SOMETHING TELLS ME THEY'RE UP TO NO GOOD! MAYBE I CAN FIND OUT WHERE THEY'VE BEEN GETTING ALL THEIR MONEY! I'LL FOLLOW AT A DISTANCE!



TO HIS SURPRISE, HE FOUND THAT THEIR ROUTE LEFT THE CITY, MOVED ALONG COUNTRY ROADS FOR HOURS! AT LAST, AT THE GATE OF A HUGE AIRFIELD, AN INSTALLATION OF THE ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION...



SHOW YOUR PASSES, PLEASE! WHAT THE...! YOU'RE THE GREEN GIRL!

GAZE INTO MY EYES, SOLDIER... LOOK INTO THEM DEEP!

A SINGLE CRACKLING STARE FROM GENLY'S EYES, AND THE GUARD WAS PETRIFIED...



GOOD WORK, HONEY! THIS'LL BE A CINCH!

OPEN THE GATE! LET ME TAKE CARE OF THE GUARDS!

WITHIN MOMENTS, GUARD AFTER GUARD HAD SUCCUMBED... FOR THIS WAS THE NIGHT GENLY HAD DECIDED TO PUT HER PLAN INTO EFFECT!

THE H-BOMBS ARE IN AN UNDERGROUND VAULT! WE'LL NEED SOME HELP!

THESE SOLDIERS WILL OBEY ME LIKE SLAVES NOW! THAT BOMBER WILL BE LOADED IN A MOMENT!



WITH AN H-BOMB LOADED INTO THE INTER-CONTINENTAL PLANE, GENLY AND EDWARDS TOOK OFF... LEAVING BEHIND A PETRIFIED INSTALLATION! ONLY PROFESSOR MELLON, WHO HAD WATCHED THE WHOLE ACTION AT A SAFE DISTANCE, POSSESSED A FUNCTIONING WILL POWER...

EVERYONE'S RIGID WITH HYPNOSIS! I'VE GOT TO ALERT THE AIR CORPS! GENLY'S GOT TO BE THWARTED RIGHT NOW!



DASHING PAST THE GI'S STANDING ABOUT LIKE STATUES, MELLON PHONED THE SUPREME AIR COMMAND...

YES! A B-52 CARRYING AN H-BOMB HAS BEEN STOLEN! NO, I DON'T KNOW WHY! ALL I KNOW IS THEY INTEND TO DROP IT SOMEWHERE! THE LAST I SAW THEY WERE HEADED DIRECTLY EAST... TOWARD EUROPE!



MEANWHILE, HIGH ABOVE THE ATLANTIC...

I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING, HONEY! WHERE DO I LAND AFTER I DROP THIS H-BOMB?

IT DOESN'T MATTER TO ME IN THE SLIGHTEST... BECAUSE I WON'T BE ABOARD!



IT WAS ONLY THEN HE REALIZED HER TRUE PLANS! SHE WOULD HYPNOTIZE HIM INTO COMPLETING THE MISSION ALONE... AFTER SHE HAD PARACHUTED TO SAFETY SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE...

WHY, YOU SCHEMING LITTLE...!

LOOK INTO MY EYES... AND OBEY!



DRAINED OF ALL WILL POWER, HE SAT HELPLESS AT THE WHEEL, AS THE BOMBER ROARED THROUGH THE NIGHT...

YES, MY FOOLISH LITTLE MAN, YOU WILL HAVE TO SACRIFICE YOURSELF! BECAUSE ONCE WE'RE OVER EUROPE, I'M BAILING OUT! ... WHAT'S THAT?



THROUGH THE REAR TURRET SHE SAW HER WELL-LAID PLANS COMING TO GRIEF...

AMERICAN PLANES... THEY'RE GOING TO SHOOT US DOWN! NO HELP FOR IT ... I'LL HAVE TO BAIL OUT NOW!



UNSEEN IN THE DARKNESS, GENLY MADE HER BID FOR ESCAPE...

GOOD! THEY HAVEN'T SEEN ME! IT'LL BE NO PROBLEM FOR ME TO SWIM TO LAND! I CAN START ALL OVER AGAIN!



AGAINST THE UNDEFENDED BOMBER, THE KILL WAS QUICKLY MADE...

THAT DOES IT! WE BETTER HIGH-TAIL IT OUT OF HERE! THERE'S GOING TO BE QUITE A BANG IN A FEW SECONDS!



THE GREEN GIRL, SWIMMING WITH TIRELESS POWER, LOOKED UP JUST BEFORE...

NO... NO! IT'S COME DOWN RIGHT AT ME!



A FEARFUL EXPLOSION CRASHED ACROSS THE NIGHT, WHILE THE LIGHT OF A THOUSAND SUNS ILLUMINATED THE SEA FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES...

JUST THINK WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF THAT'D LANDED ON POPULATION!



BACK ON THE AIRBASE, NOW THAT GENLY WAS NO MORE, THE GI'S IMMEDIATELY WOKE TO LIFE--AND PROFESSOR MELLON WAS THE HERO OF THE DAY! BUT IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS OWN STUDY...

YES, THE WORLD IS SAVED! BUT I CAN'T HELP FEELING SAD! TO THINK THAT AFTER HALF A MILLION YEARS OF SLUMBER--THE EVIL IN GENLY HAD NEVER DIED!



The End!

From **YOUR EDITOR** to **YOU!**

Greetings, readers—from the Editors of "Forbidden Worlds!" This month, we'll remain silent, and let you fans speak for yourselves through the medium of letters that are so expressive that they don't even require our comment! Don't forget—mail yours to us in care of this magazine at 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

"Dear Editor:—

Shame on you for the cover on your December issue! Call that exciting? The fellow in the bottle looks like he's taking a rest cure! You'll have to do better than that—or else!

—Kermit Neubauer, Cleveland, O."

"Dear Editor:—

Congratulations—the cover on your No. 48 November issue was really out of this world. When it comes to startling, exciting art, 'Forbidden Worlds' really has it. A loyal fan forever—

—Alfred R. Corliss, Trenton, N.J."

"Dear Editor:—

I've just finished your October issue, and was crazy about 'A Day In The Life Of Tommy Trent.' That story really was different! I liked 'Underneath The Island,' also. 'Forbidden Worlds' has the greatest

stories of any comic going—keep up the good work!

—Anna Marie Wagner, Fargo, N.D."

"Dear Editor:—

Your December issue sure rates a rave, so here goes. 'The Man With The Crescent Scar'—a novel and fascinating weird story. 'The Camera Never Lies'—not too original, but the way you handled it, it turned out fine. 'Jimmy And The Genie'—humorous, entertaining and packed a real punch. 'Storm of Meteors'—one of the greatest science fictions ever. Your writers are wonderful, and they've made 'Forbidden Worlds' wonderful, too!

—Leo J. O'Malley, Portland, Ore."

"Dear Editor:—

I'm sick of stories that make you think, and for my money, 'Forbidden Worlds' has too many of them. Why not go back to the simple, scary stuff like werewolves and zombies?

—Clermont Fordyce, Atlanta, Ga."

"Dear Editor:—

Stories like 'The Land That Time Forgot' do credit to 'Forbidden Worlds.' I've been following your magazine since it started, and have seen it go from a comic just like all the others to a story and art publication that's far better than any of your competitors. Keep those wonderful writers of yours and those good artists—and lots of luck!

—Frank Millet, Louisville, Ky."

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE, SECTION 233)

OF FORBIDDEN WORLDS, published Monthly except March and May at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1, 1956.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183 St., New York, N.Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 28 Sycamore Drive, Sands Point, N.Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; Frederick H. Iger, 28 Sycamore Drive, Sands Point, N.Y.; H. Denenfeld, 923 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1956.

James S. Phair, Notary Public, State of New York.
(My commission expires March 30, 1957)

IT'S IN THIS JAR!

3-WAY HELP FOR LONGER-LOOKING HAIR

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WHAT'S BEHIND *that* SUPERSTITION?

NO 4.
**BLACK
CATS**

Boon
© 1964



HERE'S DR. ORIN BLAKELY AGAIN...CURATOR OF THE INSTITUTE OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH...

WE GET SO MANY INQUIRIES ON THE ORIGINS OF COMMON SUPERSTITIONS THAT, FROM TIME TO TIME, WE LIKE TO PRESENT THE LOWDOWN IN THE PAGES OF THIS MAGAZINE! THIS MONTH, WE'LL TAKE UP THE MATTER OF **BLACK CATS!**



HERE IT IS...THE FEARED AND MUCH-MALIGNED CREATURE WE'RE DISCUSSING! **FELIS DOMESTICA**, IT'S CALLED SCIENTIFICALLY, AND IT LOOKS HARMLESS ENOUGH! **WHY**, THEN, IS IT REGARDED AS THE TRADITIONAL BEARER OF **BAD LUCK?**



THE STORY, SOME AUTHORITIES CLAIM, CAN BE TRACED BACK TO LATE 18TH CENTURY FRANCE! THE MARQUISE LA MOTTE OWNED A KITTEN ON WHICH SHE LAVISHED EVERY AFFECTION...



AH, **COCOTTE** IS BEAUTIFUL, IS SHE NOT, **RAOUL**?

NOT HALF SO BEAUTIFUL AS **YOU**, MILADY!

IN THE TIME IT TOOK THE BLACK KITTEN TO GROW TO MATURITY, OTHER THINGS CHANGED, TOO! THE FRENCH REVOLUTION WAS LAUNCHED...



DOWN WITH THE ARISTOCRATS!

THE VICOMTE **RAOUL DUFRESNE** MANAGED TO SPIRIT THE MARQUISE AWAY IN THE NICK OF TIME...



HURRY...THE MOB'S COMING THIS WAY!

WITH SAFETY NEAR...

TURN BACK... AND BRAVE ALL THAT PERIL? IT... IT'S **INSANE**, **MARGUERITE**!

YOU **MUST**...I'VE LEFT **COCOTTE** BEHIND! IF YOU LOVE ME, YOU'LL DO IT... OR CONFESS YOURSELF CRAVEN!



THE MARQUISE PREVAILED, AND THEY RETURNED...TO A TERRIBLE FATE!



TWO MORE PRIZES FOR **MADAME GUILLOTINE**!

AND AS THE HAPLESS WOMAN FELL VICTIM TO THE GRIM BLADE...



THE BLACK CAT...IT'S BROUGHT NAUGHT BUT **BAD LUCK** TO US!

SWISH!

THAT'S **ONE** STORY OF THE ORIGIN OF THE SUPERSTITION! BUT ACTUALLY, THE SAME BAD LUCK WOULD HAVE RESULTED HAD IT BEEN A DOG OR CANARY, INSTEAD OF A CAT! NOW LET'S CONSIDER **ANOTHER** THEORY--THIS ONE DATING BACK TO LONDON, IN THE YEAR 1814---



OLD PETER BARTLESBY OWNED A CAT--A **BLACK** CAT--AND IT WAS HIS PRIDE AND JOY---



LOOK AT HIM! DID YOU EVER SEE AN ANIMAL WITH SUCH BALANCE, SUCH DEXTERITY? WATCH HIM WALK, WITHOUT DISTURBING A SINGLE OBJECT!

AYE, HE'S A FINE ANIMAL!

ONE NIGHT, AS THE OLD MAN SLEPT, THE CAT REPEATED ITS FEAT---



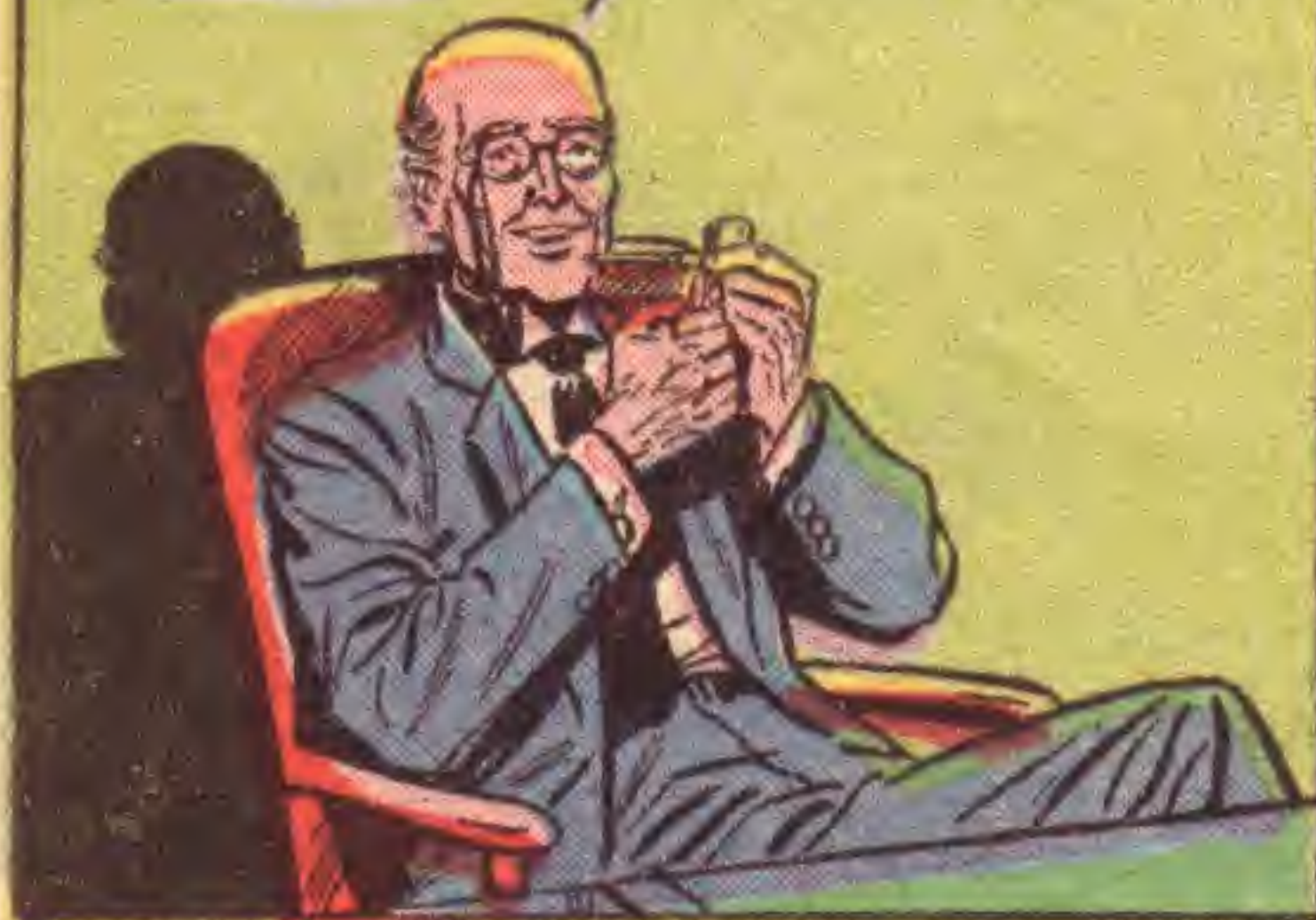
AS USUAL, THE ANIMAL WAS CAREFUL---BUT THIS TIME, THE CANDLE'S FLAME CAUGHT ITS TAIL! THE REACTION WAS VIOLENT---



AND FROM THIS MISHAP STEMMED THE COSTLY BLAZE THAT WIPED OUT AN ENTIRE SECTION OF LONDON, WITH A HUGE LOSS OF MONEY AND LIVES!



I NEEDN'T POINT OUT THAT THE SAME BAD LUCK WOULD HAVE RESULTED HAD THE BEAST BEEN **ANOTHER COLOR!** BUT THERE'S ANOTHER CLASSIC STORY WHICH IS CITED TO PROVE THAT BLACK CATS ARE BAD LUCK, AND I MIGHT AS WELL PASS IT ON TO YOU! IT HAPPENED IN AFRICA, IN 1887---



AS A SAGE OLD TRADER SOUGHT TO WARN AN INEXPERIENCED HUNTER OF THE DANGERS THAT LAY IN WAIT---

SURE, MISTER, MAYBE YOU HAVE DONE A LOT OF HUNTING, BUT NOT LIKE **THIS!** YOU SEE... THE BIG CATS ARE **DIFFERENT!**

INDEED! AND NOW, MAY I ASK?



WELL---TAKE **LEOPARDS**, FOR INSTANCE! GENERALLY, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID TO CLOSE IN FOR A SHOT, 'CAUSE THEY'LL JUST TRY TO GET OUT OF THERE IN A HURRY! BUT **SOMETIMES---**

NEVER MIND THE REST, OLD MAN! I DON'T HAVE ALL DAY TO LISTEN TO THAT NONSENSE!



THERE HE GOES! HE WOULDN'T LISTEN ---WOULDN'T LET ME TELL HIM THERE ARE **DIFFERENT TYPES OF CATS!** HOPE HE DOESN'T RUN INTO ANY---**TROUBLE!**



THE GREEN HUNTER FOUND HIS LEOPARD! IT WAS AT ITS KILL, EATING---CLOSER AND CLOSER HE CREPT, UNTIL HE WAS ALMOST ON TOP OF IT---

THIS IS GOING TO BE **EASY---** LEOPARDS **RUN**, THE OLD MAN SAID! **HERE GOES!**



BUT HE NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO SHOOT! FOR WITH A SPEED AND FEROCITY SUCH AS HE'D NEVER DREAMED POSSIBLE---

NO...NO... HELP!



AS THEY BORE THE MORTALLY-WOUNDED MAN BACK--

IF ONLY HE'D LISTENED!
IF ONLY HE'D LET ME TELL
HIM THAT THE **BLACK
CATS ARE BAD
LUCK!**



IN THIS LAST CASE, I'D SAY THAT IT WASN'T THE **BLACK
CAT** THAT WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MAN'S BAD LUCK,
BUT HIS WILFUL IGNORANCE! ACTUALLY, HOWEVER, I
DON'T BELIEVE THAT THE SUPERSTITION STEMS FROM
ANY OF THESE CLASSIC STORIES! IT PROBABLY GOES
BACK TO HAPPENINGS LIKE THIS--



AFTER AN EVENING'S ROISTERING AT A LOCAL TAVERN--

WAIT,
FELLAS--
WAIT FOR
ME!

'T WAS FRIDAY NIGHT
WHEN WE SET SAIL...

MURPHY'S
PUB



JUST AS HE'D ALMOST CAUGHT UP--

CONFOUND THAT
BLASTED CAT! IT'S
TRIPPED ME!



HE FELL DIRECTLY ATOP THE OTHERS--

LOOK
OUT!



IT--IT WASN'T
MY FAULT! IT WAS
THAT **BLACK CAT**
---IT TRIPPED ME
UP--

THOSE DURNED
CRITTERS
ARE **BAD
LUCK!**



IF HE'D DRUNK A LITTLE LESS--IF HE'D
LOOKED WHERE HE WAS GOING--NONE
OF THIS WOULD EVER HAVE **HAPPENED!**
AND WHY BLAME THE POOR **BLACK
CAT**--WHEN THE OLD ADAGE TELLS
THAT AT NIGHT, **ALL CATS LOOK
BLACK!** LET'S FACE FACTS, READER
---IT'S JUST **ANOTHER
SUPERSTITION--AND
MEANINGLESS!**

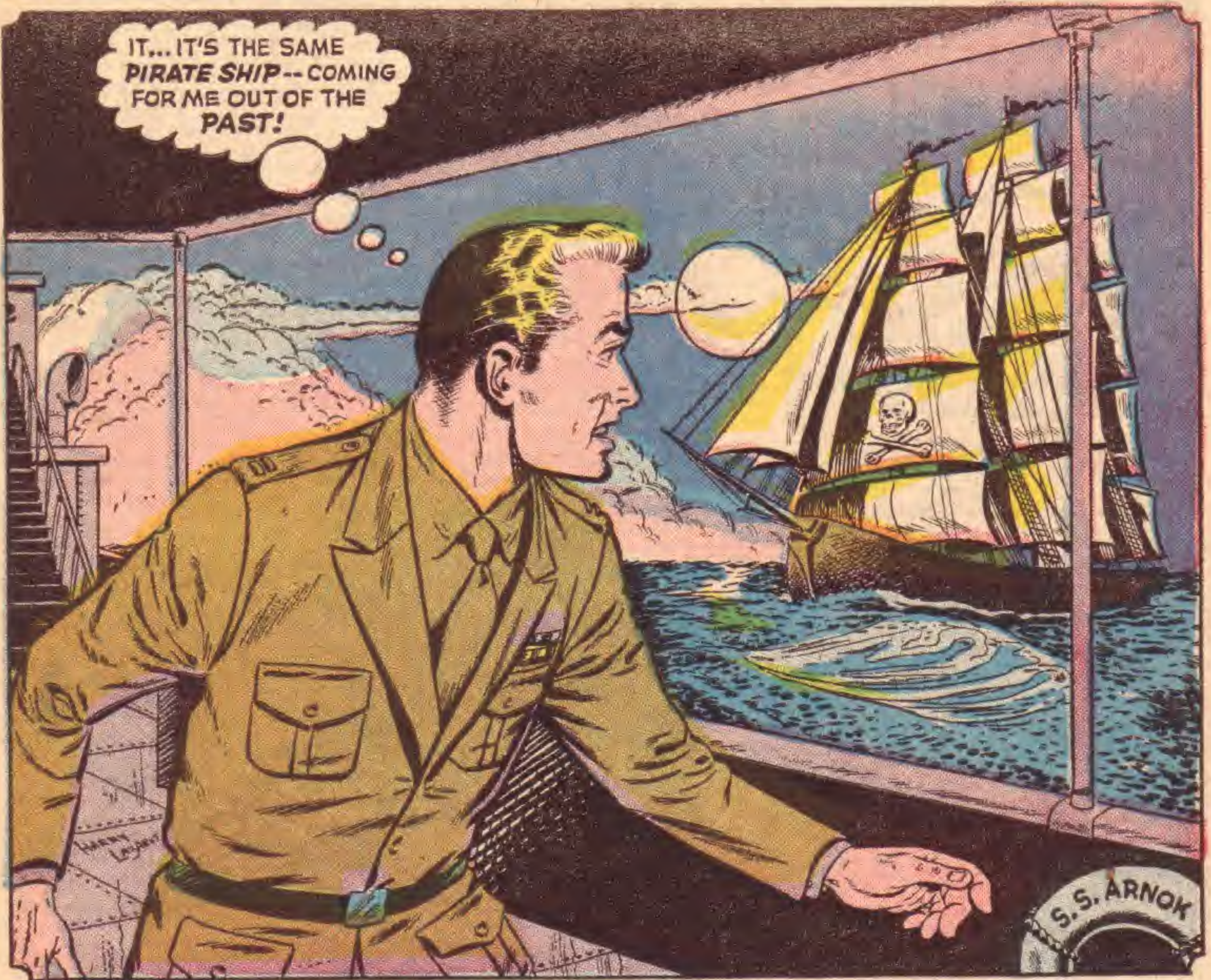
INSTITUTE OF
PSYCHIC RESEARCH



CHECKMATE!

WHO KNOWS WHEN A HALLUCINATION *ISN'T* A STRANGE TRICK OF THE MIND -- BUT THE *REAL THING*? THE WORK I DID SUBJECTED MY BRAIN TO ENORMOUS STRESSES -- PERHAPS IT JOLTED A SLEEPING PART OF MY MIND INTO WAKEFULNESS! READ THE AMAZING STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED WHEN I SET OUT TO DETERMINE THE *TRUTH*!

IT... IT'S THE SAME
PIRATE SHIP-- COMING
FOR ME OUT OF THE
PAST!



TESTING AIR CORPS JETS HAD BECOME ROUTINE--
THE NEW ASSIGNMENT WAS WELCOME--

WE'LL BE CRACKING
EVERY **GROUND LEVEL**
SPEED RECORD IN
EXISTENCE,
CAPTAIN HODGES!
INTERESTING?

SOUNDS
WONDERFUL,
SIR!



I WAS DRIVEN IMMEDIATELY TO THE
SECRET TESTING GROUNDS --

JUST
WHAT *IS*
THAT
THING?

WE CALL IT A **ROCKETMOBILE!**
IT'LL SHOOT ALONG THOSE TRACKS
AT BETTER THAN 500 MILES PER--
AND YOU'LL PILOT IT!



NO HUMAN HAD EVER TAKEN THE SHOCK OF SUCH VELOCITIES AT GROUND LEVEL, AND I WAS TO BE THE GUINEA PIG! A FEW DAYS LATER --

YOU'RE LIKELY TO FEEL QUITE A JOLT, CAPTAIN! TRY TO RELAX!

ROGER!



I BRACED MYSELF FOR THE SHOCK AS A SWITCH FIRED THE ROCKETS! THERE WAS A FEARFUL WHINE, AND THE HUGE CONTRAPTION BEGAN TO MOVE SLOWLY --



SUDDENLY, IT SHOT FORWARD AT TERRIFIC SPEED! I FELT AS IF I'D BEEN SLUGGED FROM BEHIND WITH A SLEDGEHAMMER --



MY EYEBALLS SEEMED TO BE FORCED INTO THE BACK OF MY HEAD AS I WAS PROPELLED FORWARD --

I... I'M BLACKING OUT!



I'D BEEN WARNED THAT I MIGHT LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS, BUT IN THAT SPLIT SECOND A PECULIAR THING HAPPENED! I SEEMED TO SEE MYSELF AS A POVERTY-STRICKEN 18TH CENTURY LONDONER FLEEING FROM POLICE --

STOP, THIEF!



MY EYES OPENED! THE ROCKETMOBILE HAD COME TO A HALT --

GREAT! WE GOT IT UP TO 541 MILES PER-- AND WE'RE GOING TO DO EVEN BETTER! GET YOURSELF CHECKED OUT BY THE MEDICOS NOW, CAPTAIN!

I... I FEEL WOOLLY!



EXCEPT FOR THE PAIR OF SHINERS I SPORTED, I QUICKLY FELT OKAY AGAIN! I TOLD THE DOCTOR ABOUT MY HALLUCINATION --

NOTHING SPECIAL ABOUT THAT! FUNNY THINGS HAPPEN TO PEOPLE JUST AS THEY BLACK OUT!

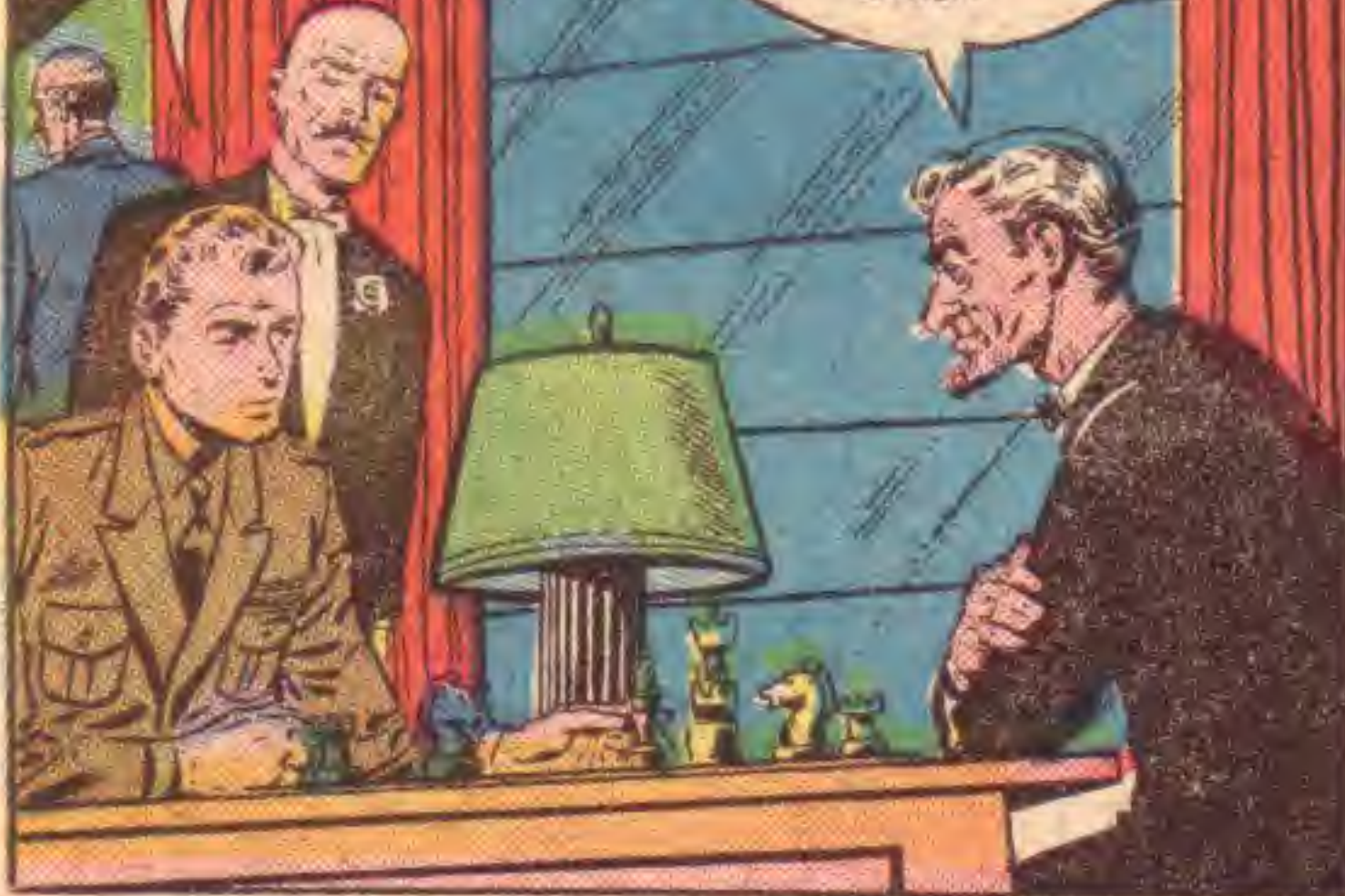
YEAH, I GUESS SO! BUT IT WAS ALL SO REAL!



TO RELAX, I WENT TO MY CHESS CLUB THAT NIGHT! CHESS WAS A PASSION WITH ME -- THE ONLY TROUBLE WAS I COULDN'T FIND PLAYERS IN MY CLASS --

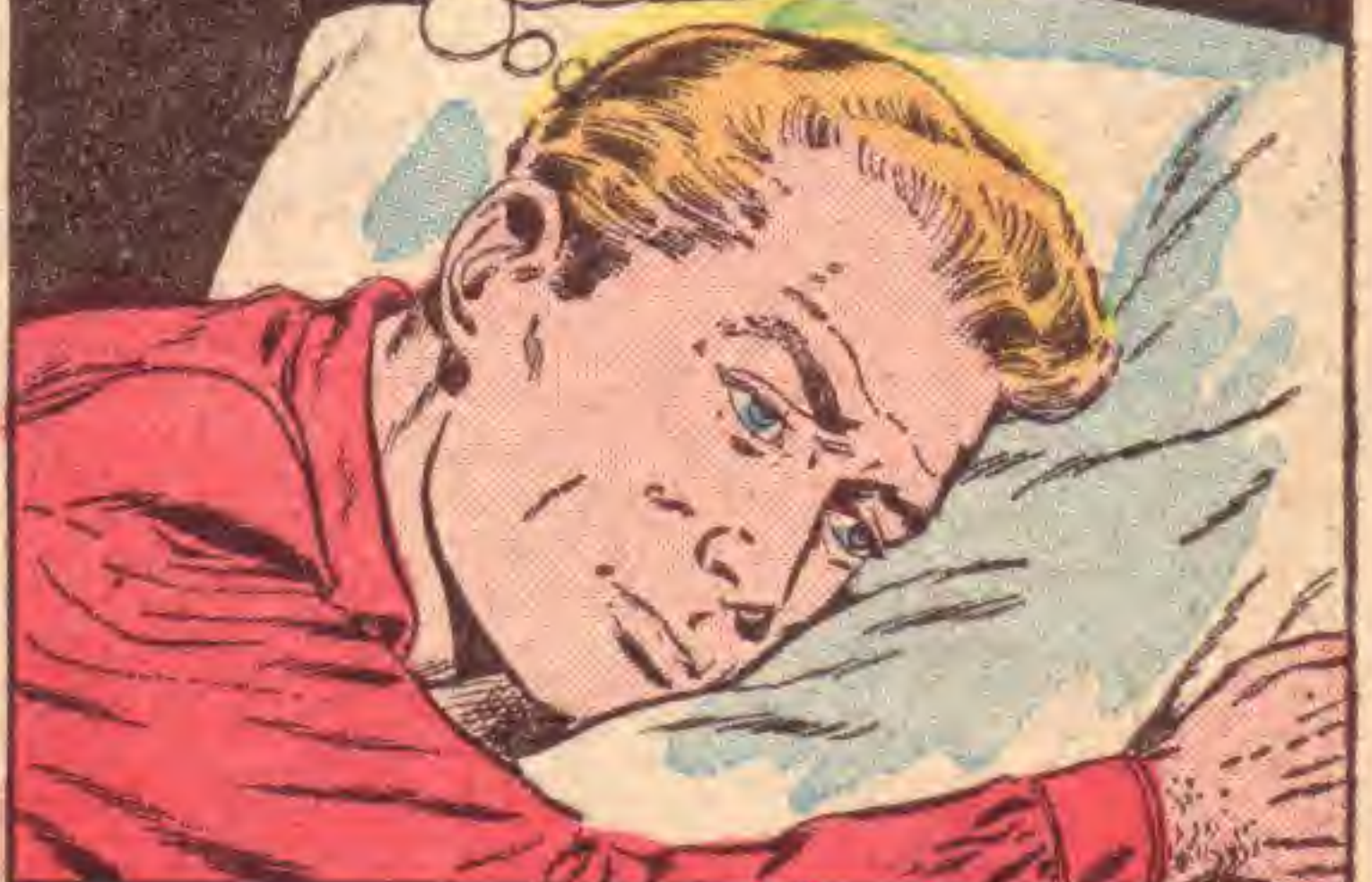
CHECKMATE!

I'M AFRAID YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN! QUITE A BRAIN YOU'VE GOT, BILL!



CURIOUSLY, I FOUND IT DIFFICULT TO SLEEP LATER! MY MIND DRIFTED OVER THE DAY'S EVENTS --

AN OLDTIME ENGLISH THIEF -- IT WAS REALLY WEIRD! ... WISH I COULD FIND A CHESS PLAYER OF MY CALIBER --



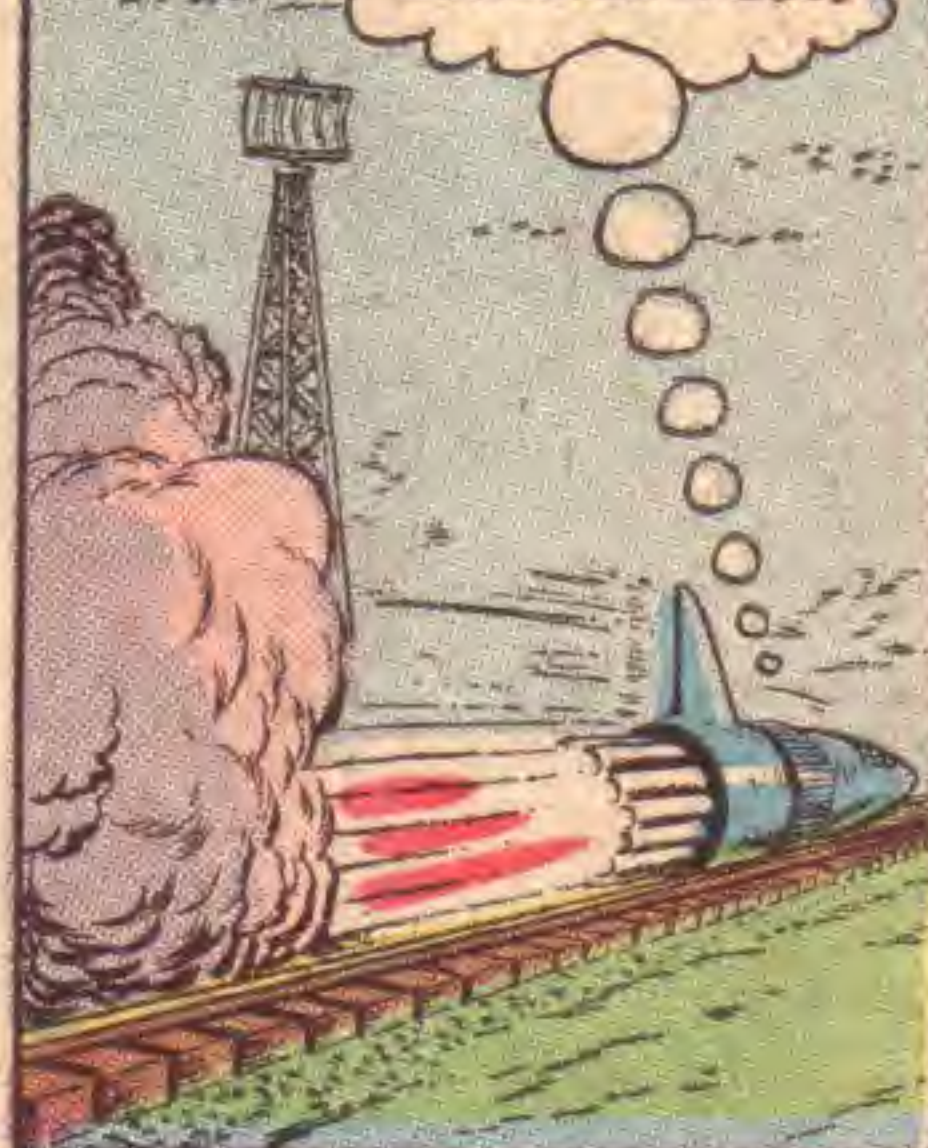
WITH REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE, I RECEIVED A LETTER THE NEXT MORNING FROM AUSTRALIA -- FROM A CHESS FAN --

THIS GUY WANTS ME TO PLAY BY LETTER! WELL, THAT'S COMMON ENOUGH -- CHESS BUGS ALL OVER THE WORLD CONDUCT MATCHES THROUGH THE MAIL! WONDER IF THIS ROBERT HAMILTON IS ANY GOOD?



TO ME ROBERT HAMILTON WAS ONLY A FELLOW WHO'D FOUND MY NAME IN A CHESS MAGAZINE -- AND I DECIDED TO PLAY HIM! THEN, ON MY NEXT ROCKETMOBILE TRIP --

HERE I GO AGAIN! I... I'M LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS!



NOW THERE CAME A SECOND HALLUCINATION -- AMAZINGLY, A CONTINUATION OF THE FIRST!

HUNGER IS NO EXCUSE FOR STEALING A LOAF OF BREAD! YOU WILL BE SENT TO OUR PENAL COLONY IN AUSTRALIA FOR TEN YEARS!



THAT WAS ALL! I CAME TO -- THE TEST WAS OVER --

YOU DID 580 TODAY! HOW DO YOU FEEL?

GROGGY -- AND A BIT CONFUSED!



I KNEW THAT ONCE ENGLISH CRIMINALS HAD BEEN EXILED TO AUSTRALIA -- BUT WHY SHOULD MY UNCONSCIOUS MIND BE CONCERNED WITH THAT? MEANWHILE, ROBERT HAMILTON AND I EXCHANGED LETTERS THICK AND FAST, GIVING OUR CHESS MOVES --

HE WANTS TO MOVE HIS KNIGHT TO THE QUEEN 4! IT'S A BRILLIANT MANEUVER -- THIS GUY MAY LICK ME!



MY AUSTRALIAN PAL SOON BEGAN TELLING ME ABOUT HIMSELF! IT TURNED OUT HE WAS A VERY RICH MAN --

HMMM, HE SUGGESTS I INVEST IN CANADIAN HOLDING CORPORATION! HE SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT--



SOMETHING PROMPTED ME TO TAKE THIS FLYER IN THE STOCK MARKET, BUT I NEVER EXPECTED TO MAKE A KILLING!

THOSE CANADIAN SHARES ARE NOW WORTH A FORTUNE! WHERE'D YOU GET THE TIP?

FROM A FRIEND IN AUSTRALIA! CAN'T FIGURE WHY HE TAKES SUCH AN INTEREST IN ME!



DESPITE MY PROFITS, I DIDN'T DREAM OF GIVING UP MY EXPERIMENTAL WORK! MY FANTASIES IN THE ROCKETMOBILE WENT ON! IN THE LATEST, I WAS ABOARD A PRISON SHIP BOUND FOR THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES WHEN--

PIRATES! UNCHAIN THE CRIMINALS AND GIVE 'EM CUTLASSES! WE NEED EVERY MAN'S HELP!



BETTER TO FIGHT AS BEST I COULD THAN DIE AT THE HANDS OF THE BUCCANEERS! I LEAPED INTO THE THICK OF THE ACTION --

YOU COWARDLY DOGS ARE NO MATCH FOR AN ENGLISHMAN! BACK!

THERE'S A PLUCKY LAD! GIVE 'EM COLD STEEL!



IT WAS A LONG, HARD FIGHT -- BUT WE WON! AS THE PIRATE SHIP WENT DOWN IN FLAMES--

YOU'VE EARNED YOUR FREEDOM, SON! OF COURSE, WE'LL HAVE TO GO ON TO AUSTRALIA, BUT YOU CAN START A NEW LIFE FOR YOURSELF THERE!

THANK YOU, SIR!



THE VISION FADED AS THE TERRIBLE SPEED TEST CONCLUDED --

640 MILES PER HOUR! ANYTHING WRONG, CAPTAIN?

TIRED... VERY TIRED!



MY FANTASY EXPERIENCES WERE MAKING A NERVOUS WRECK OF ME, WHILE THE TERRIFIC SHOCKS OF THE ROCKETMOBILE WERE WEARING ME DOWN PHYSICALLY--

TODAY WAS YOUR LAST TRIP -- YOU'VE HAD IT! ANY MORE MIGHT RUIN YOUR HEALTH PERMANENTLY!

B-BUT, COLONEL-- I'VE GOT TO GO ON!





WHY DO YOU HAVE TO? WE CAN GET ANOTHER TEST PILOT!

BECAUSE THE HALLUCINATIONS ARE -- FASCINATING! I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED WHEN I GOT TO AUSTRALIA!



HUH? WHAT WAS THAT?

I... ER... NEVER MIND, COLONEL!



I WAS SURE THAT THE IMMENSE SPEEDS TO WHICH MY BRAIN WAS SUBJECTED HAD CAUSED THOSE STRANGE EXPERIENCES! AND NOW I COMMENCED TO WONDER-- MIGHT THEY, IN SOME PECULIAR WAY, BE BOUND UP WITH MY AUSTRALIAN FRIEND?

NO LETTER FROM HAMILTON TODAY EITHER! I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM SINCE I STOPPED WORKING ON THE ROCKET-MOBILE!



I WROTE AND WROTE, BUT THERE WAS NO REPLY! THE TERMINATION OF CORRESPONDENCE HAD OCCURRED JUST WHEN OUR CHESS GAME HAD REACHED A CRUCIAL POINT! THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO --

I THINK A LEAVE OF ABSENCE WOULD DO YOU GOOD! WHERE WILL YOU GO?

AUSTRALIA!



I FELT I HAD TO SEE THIS ROBERT HAMILTON! TO A CHESS FANATIC LIKE ME, AN UNFINISHED GAME WAS MADDENING -- BESIDES, I WANTED TO THANK HIM FOR HAVING MADE ME PROSPEROUS --

BUT WHY DID HE STOP WRITING -- WITHOUT EXPLANATION? I HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM!



TWO DAYS LATER, STANDING AT THE RAIL, I THOUGHT MY MIND HAD SNAPPED --

IT... IT'S THE PIRATE SHIP -- THE SAME ONE! IT'S BEARING DOWN ON US!



I TURNED TO SHRIEK FOR HELP, BUT INSTANTLY KNEW I'D IMAGINED IT ALL! THE OTHER PASSENGERS WERE SEEING NOTHING --

IT'S GONE NOW, BUT IT WAS THERE FOR A SECOND -- OR WAS IT?

MY NERVES WERE WORN TO A FRAZZLE! WHEN THE COAST OF AUSTRALIA HOVE INTO VIEW, I FELT A SUDDEN SURGE OF DREAD--

IT... IT ALL LOOKS SO FAMILIAR! AS IF I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE!



IN THE STREETS OF SYDNEY THE SENSATION BECAME EVEN STRONGER! AS SOON AS I WAS SETTLED, I WENT IN SEARCH OF THE ADDRESS I'D BEEN WRITING TO --

THAT'S IT! GOOD GRAY, THIS CAN'T BE THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN THAT HOUSE! I SEEM TO RECOGNIZE IT-- AS IF FROM LONG AGO!



MY HAND TREMBLED AS I PRESSED THE BELL, AFRAID OF WHAT MIGHT BE IN STORE FOR ME!

THE NAME IS SMYTHE! BUT I KNOW THIS IS THE RIGHT ADDRESS -- SO WHY ISN'T HAMILTON'S NAME LISTED?

SMYTHE



I... I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN NAMED ROBERT HAMILTON! DOESN'T HE LIVE HERE?

IS THIS A JOKE? ROBERT HAMILTON WAS MY GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER! -- HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR OVER A CENTURY!



BUT I'VE BEEN WRITING TO HIM AT THIS ADDRESS! I'VE GOT HIS LETTERS IN MY POCKET! I'VE COME ALL THE WAY FROM AMERICA TO SEE HIM!

WON'T YOU STEP IN, PLEASE? PERHAPS WE CAN STRAIGHTEN OUT THIS CONFUSION!



I LET HER READ THE CHESS CORRESPONDENCE, BUT TOLD HER NOTHING MORE --

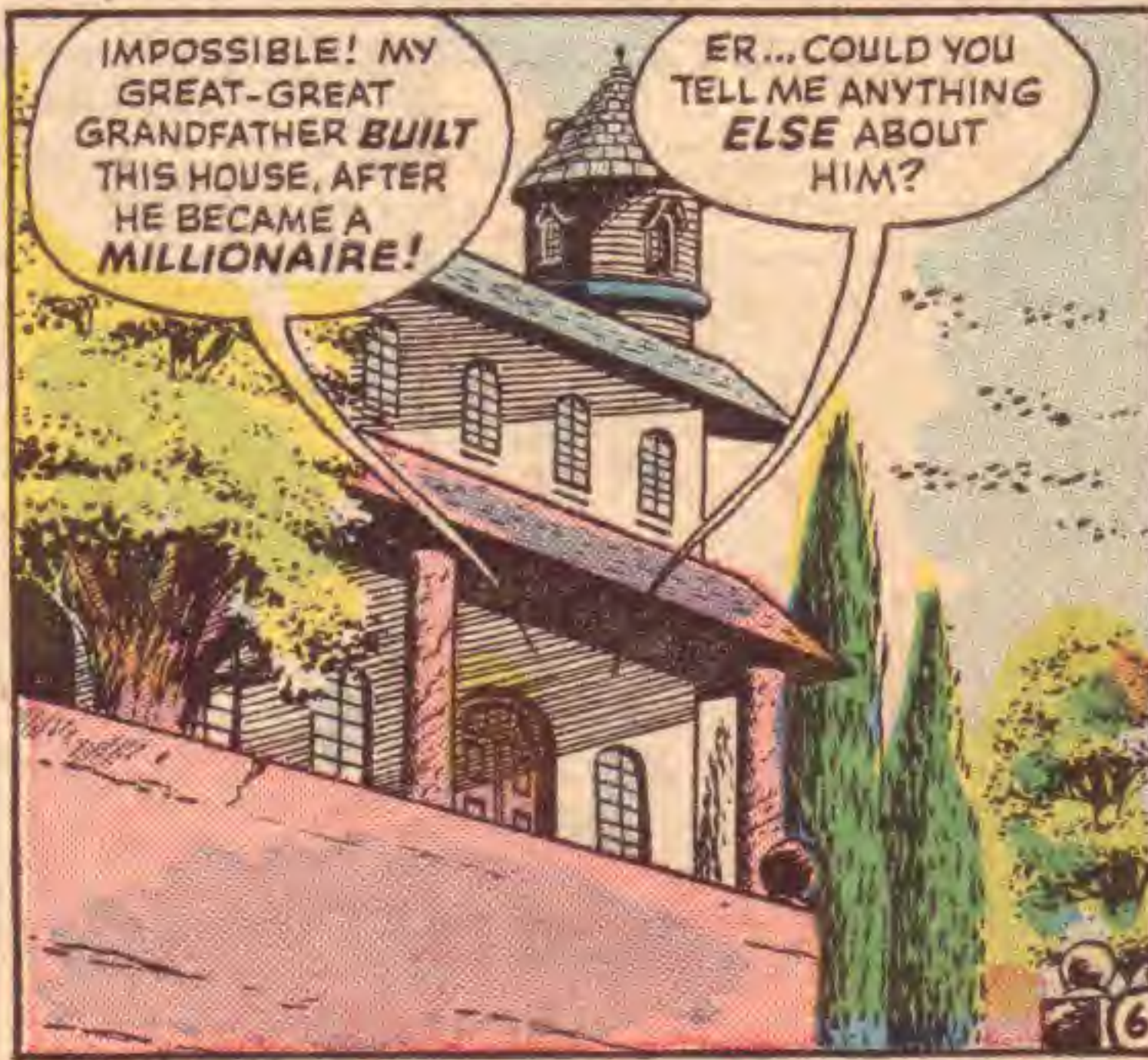
THIS IS RATHER BAFFLING!

IS THERE ANOTHER ROBERT HAMILTON, PERHAPS LIVING IN THIS STREET?



IMPOSSIBLE! MY GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER BUILT THIS HOUSE, AFTER HE BECAME A MILLIONAIRE!

ER... COULD YOU TELL ME ANYTHING ELSE ABOUT HIM?





HE WAS QUITE A FASCINATING CHARACTER! HE WAS DEPORTED TO AUSTRALIA FOR STEALING A LOAF OF BREAD, BUT HE FOUGHT SO WELL AGAINST PIRATES THAT HE WAS FREED! MADE QUITE A NAME FOR HIMSELF AFTERWARD!

WHA-A-AT?



I FELT AS IF MY BRAIN WERE EXPLODING UNDER THE IMPACT OF HER WORDS --

NO, NO -- I DON'T BELIEVE IT -- IT CAN'T BE!

WH-WHAT'S THE MATTER?



HOW COULD I TELL HER? WITH MY OWN MIND CRUMBLING, I WASN'T AWARE OF HOW SHE'D BEGUN TO STARE AT ME --

ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IN AUSTRALIA BEFORE? YOU... YOU LOOK MOST FAMILIAR! OH, MY HEAVENS! NOW I KNOW WHERE I'VE SEEN YOUR FACE!



SHE DRAGGED ME INTO THE NEXT ROOM, POINTED EXCITEDLY AT A PORTRAIT OVER THE FIREPLACE --

DON'T YOU SEE? THAT'S MY GREAT-GREAT GRAND-FATHER!

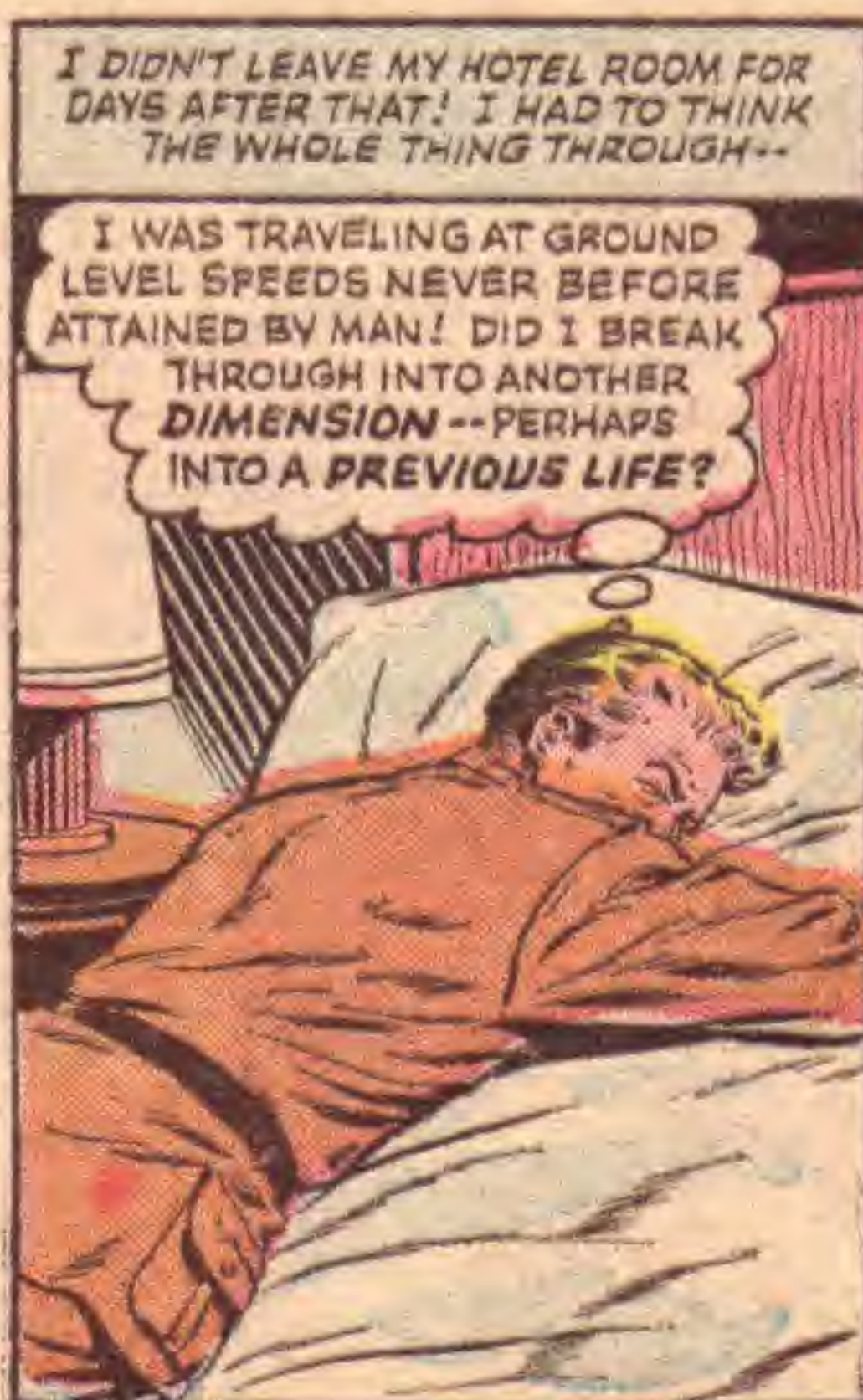
WE... WE'RE IDENTICAL!



I FLED THEN, BOLTED LIKE A SCARED RABBIT --

COME BACK! THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME EXPLANATION!

I... I'VE GOT TO BE ALONE -- GOT TO THINK!



I DIDN'T LEAVE MY HOTEL ROOM FOR DAYS AFTER THAT! I HAD TO THINK THE WHOLE THING THROUGH --

I WAS TRAVELING AT GROUND LEVEL SPEEDS NEVER BEFORE ATTAINED BY MAN! DID I BREAK THROUGH INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION -- PERHAPS INTO A PREVIOUS LIFE?



WAS MY EXPLANATION CORRECT? HOW COULD I BE SURE? LIKE THE CHESS GAME I'D BEEN PLAYING WITH ROBERT HAMILTON, I'D NEVER KNOW THE ANSWER FOR SURE! IN TRYING TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM -- I WAS CHECKMATE!

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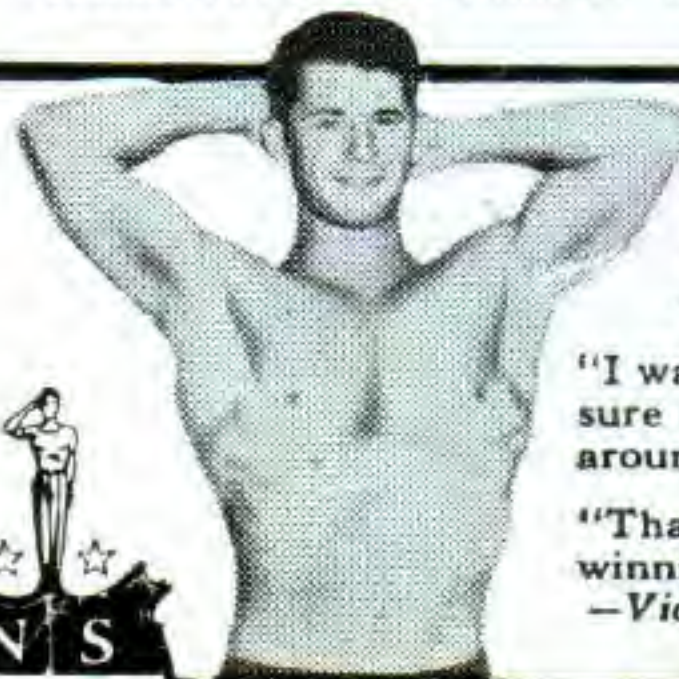
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